

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD;
A 15465.15.9
SCOTS
Pastoral Comedy.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

The Sixth Edition, with the SONGS.

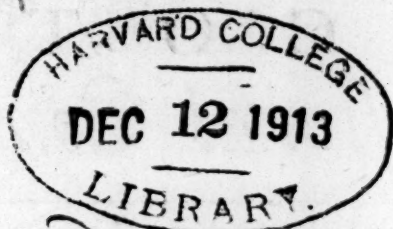


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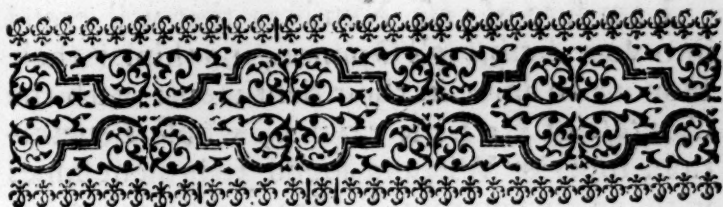


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T O

The Right Honourable,

SUSANNA,

Countess of EGLINTOUN.

MADAM,

THE Love of Approbation, and a Desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the *Poets* to finish their Designs with Chearfulness. But, conscious of their own Inability to oppose a Storm of Spleen, and haughty ill Nature, it is generally an ingenious Custom amongst them to chuse some honourable Shade.

WHEREFORE I beg Leave to put my *Pastoral* under your *Ladyship's* Protection. If my *Patronefs* says, the *Shepherds* speak as they ought, and that there are several natural Flowers that beautify the rural Wild; I shall have good Reason to think my self safe from the awkward Censure of some pretending Judges that condemn before Examination.

I am sure of vast Numbers that will croud into your *Ladyship's* Opinion, and think it their Honour to agree in their Sentiments with the *Countess of EGLINTON*, whose Penetration, superior Wit, and sound Judgment shines with an uncommon Lustre, while accompanied with the diviner Charms of Goodness and Equality of Mind.

If it were not for offending only your *Ladyship*, here, Madam, I might give the fullest Liberty to my Muse to delineate the finest of Women, by drawing your *Ladyship's* Character, and be in no Hazard of being deemed a Flatterer; since Flattery lies not in paying what's due to Merit, but in Praises misplaced.

WERE I to begin with your *Ladyship's* honourable Birth and Alliance, the Field's ample, and presents us with numberless, great and good Patriots, that have dignified the Names of *KENNEDT* and *MONTGOMERT*. Be that the Care of the Herauld and Historian: 'Tis personal Merit, and the heavenly Sweetness of the Fair, that inspire the tuneful Lays. Here every *Lesbia* must be excepted, whose Tongues give Liberty to the Slaves, which their Eyes had made Captives. Such may be flatter'd; but your *Ladyship* justly claims our Admiration and profoundest Respect: For whilst you are possess'd of every outward Charm in the most perfect Degree, the never-fading Beauties of Wisdom and Piety, which adorn your *Ladyship's* Mind, command Devotion.

ALL

ALL this is very true, cries one of better Sense than good Nature ; but what Occasion have you to tell us the Sun shines, when we have the Use of our Eyes, and feel his Influence?---- Very true ; but I have the Liberty to use the Poet's Privilege, which is, *To speak what every body thinks.* Indeed there might be some Strength in the Reflexion, if the *Idalian* Registers were of as short Duration as Life : But the Bard, who fondly hopes Immortality, has a certain praise-worthy Pleasure, in communicating to Posterity the Fame of distinguished Characters---- I write this last Sentence with a Hand that trembles between Hope and Fear ; but if I shall prove so happy as to please your *Ladyship* in the following Attempt, then all my Doubts shall vanish like a Morning Vapour ; I shall hope to be class'd with *Tasso* and *Guarini*, and sing with *Ovid*,

*If 'tis allowed to Poets to divine,
One Half of round Eternity is mine.*

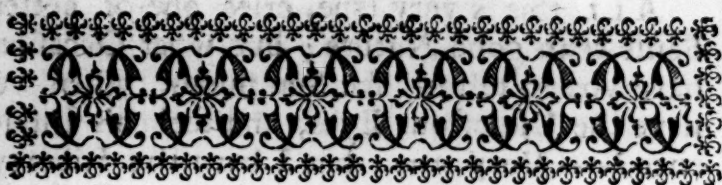
M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient,

And most devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.



TO THE

Countess of EGLINTOUN,

With the following

PASTORAL.

A CCEPT, O *EGLINTOUN*! the rural Lays,
 That, bound to thee, thy duteous POET pays.
 The Muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful Strains,
 A frequent Guest on *Scotia's* blissful Plains,
 That oft has sung, her list'ning Youth to move,
 The Charms of Beauty, and the Force of Love,
 Once more resumes the still successful Lay,
 Delighted, thro' the verdant Meads to stray:
 O! come, invok'd; and pleas'd, with HER repair,
 To breathe the balmy Sweets of purer Air;
 In the cool Evening negligently laid,
 Or near the Stream, or in the rural Shade,
 Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
 The Gentle *Shepherd's* tender Tale of Love.

LEARN

LEARN from these Scenes what warm and glowing Fires,
 Inflame the Breast that real Love inspires.
 Delighted read of Ardors, Sighs, and Tears;
 All that a Lover hopes, and all he fears:
 Hence too, what Passions in his Bosom rise,
 What dawning Gladness sparkles in his Eyes,
 When first the Fair-one does her Hate relent,
 And blushing beauteous smiles the kind Consent.
 Love's Passion here in each Extreme is shown,
 In CHARLOT'S Smile, or in MARIA'S FROWN.

WITH Words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
 Love courted Beauty in a golden Age,
 Pure and untaught, such Nature first inspir'd,
 Ere yet the Fair affected Phrase desir'd.
 His secret Thoughts were undisguis'd with Art,
 His Words ne'er knew to differ from his Heart.
 He speaks his Loves so artless and sincere,
 As thy *Eliza* might be pleas'd to hear.

HEAVEN only to the *Rural State* bestows
 Conquest o'er Life, and Freedom from its Woes;
 Secure alike from Envy, and from Care,
 Nor rais'd by Hope, nor yet deprest by Fear;
 Nor Want's lean Hand its Happiness constrains,
 Nor Riches vexes with ill-gotten Gains.
 No secret Guilt its stedfast Peace destroys,
 No wild Ambition interrupts its Joys,

Blest

Blest still to spend the Hours that Heav'n has lent,
 In humble Goodness, and in calm Content,
 Serenely gentle, as the Thoughts that roll,
 Sinless and pure, in fair *Humeia's* Soul.

BUT now the *Rural State* these Joys has lost,
 Even Swains no more that Innocence can boast.
 Love speaks no more what Beauty may believe,
 Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
 Now *Happiness* forsakes her blest Retreat,
 The peaceful Dwellings where she fix'd her Seat,
 The pleasing Fields she wont of old to grace,
 Companion to an upright sober Race;
 When on the Sunny Hill, or verdant Plain,
 Free and familiar with the Sons of Men,
 To crown the Pleasures of the blameless Feast,
 She uninvited came a welcome Guest:
 Ere yet an Age, grown rich in impious Arts,
 Brib'd from their Innocence, incautious Hearts,
 Then grudging Hate, and sinful Pride succeed,
 Cruel Revenge, and false unrighteous Deed;
 Then downless Beauty lost the Power to move;
 The Rust of Lucre stain'd the Gold of Love.
 Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
 The genial Hearth first blush'd with Stranger's Blood.
 The Friend no more upon the Friend relies,
 And Semblant Falshood puts on Truth's Disguise.

The peaceful Household fill'd with dire Alarms,
 The ravish'd Virgin mourns her slighted Charms;
 The Voice of impious Mirth is heard around;
 In Guilt they feast, in Guilt the Bowl is crown'd.
 Unpunish'd Violence lords it o'er the Plains,
 And *Happiness* forsakes the guilty Swains.

Oh *Happiness*! from human Search retir'd,
 Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd?
 Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled
 To hide in Shades thy meek contented Head?
 Virgin of Aspect mild! ah why unkind,
 Fly'st thou displeas'd; the Commerce of Mankind?
 O! teach our Steps to find the secret Cell,
 Where with thy Sire *CONTENT* thou lov'st to dwell.
 Or say, dost thou a duteous Handmaid wait
 Familiar, at the Chambers of the Great?
 Dost thou pursue the Voice of them that call
 To noisy Revel, and to Midnight Ball?
 On the full Banquet when we feast our Soul,
 Dost thou inspire the Mirth, or mix the Bowl?
 Or with th' industrious Planter dost thou talk,
 Conversing freely in an Ev'ning-walk?
 Say, does the Miser e'er thy Face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd Gold?
 Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much lov'd Pow'r,
 Still musing silent at the Morning hour?

May we thy Presence hope in War's Alarms,
The Statesman's Wisdom, or the Fair-one's Charms?

IN vain our flatt'ring Hopes our Steps beguile,
The flying Good eludes the Searcher's Toil:

In vain we seek the City or the Cell;

Alone with Virtue knows the Pow'r to dwell.

Nor need Mankind despair these Joys to know,
The Gift themselves may on themselves bestow.

Soon, soon we might the precious Blessing boast;

But many Passions must the Blessing cost;

Infernal Malice, inly pining Hate,

And Envy grieving at another's State.

Revenge no more must in our Hearts remain;

Or burning Lust, or Avarice of Gain.

When these are in the human Bosom nurs'd,

Can Peace reside in Dwellings so accurst;

Unlike, O EGLINTON! thy happy Breast,

Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly Guest;

From the tumultuous Rule of Passions freed,

Pure in thy Thought, and spotless in thy Deed.

In Virtues rich, in Goodness unconfin'd,

Thou shin'st a fair Example to thy Kind;

Sincere and equal to thy Neighbour's Fame,

How swift to praise, how obstinate to blame!

Bold in thy Presence bashful *Sense* appears,

And backward *Merit* loses all its Fears.

Supremely

Supremely blest by Heav'n, Heav'n's richest Grace
 Confest is thine, an early blooming Race,
 Whose pleasing Smiles shall guardian Wisdom arm,
 Divine Instruction! taught of thee to charm.
 What Transports shall they to thy Soul impart!
 (The conscious Transports of a Parent's Heart.)
 When thou behold'st them of each Grace possess,
 And sighing Youths imploring to be blest,
 After thy Image form'd, with Charms like thine,
 Or in the Visit, or the Dance to shine.
 Thrice happy! who succeed their Mother's Praise,
 The lovely EGLINTONS of other Days.

MEAN while peruse the following tender Scenes,
 And listen to thy native POET'S Strains.
 In ancient Garb the home-bred Muse appears,
 The Garb our Muses wore in former Years.
 As in a Glass reflected, here behold
 How smiling Goodness look'd in Days of old.
 Nor blush to read where Beauty's Praise is shown;
 And virtuous Love, the Likeness of thy own;
 While midst the various Gifts that gracious Heaven,
 Bounteous to thee, with righteous Hand has given;
 Let this, O EGLINTON! delight thee most,
 T' enjoy that *Innocence* the World has lost.

W. H.

The



The PERSONS.

M E N.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.*

SYMON, } *two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William.*

GLAUD, }

BAULDY, *a Hynd engaged with Neps.*

W O M E N.

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's Neice.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old Woman supposed to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few Miles
from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action, *within Twenty Hours.*





The Gentle Shepherd.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Beneath the South-side of a craggy Beild,
Where crystal Springs the halesome Waters yield,
Twa youthful Shepherds on the Gowan ly,
Tenting their Flocks ae bonny Morn of May.
Poor ROGER granes till hollow Ecchoes ring,
But blyther PATIE likes to laugh and sing.*

PATIE and ROGER.

PATIE.

SANG I. The wawking of the Faulds.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her Teens,
Fair as the Day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the Day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair, to lay my Care,
 I wish nae mair, of a' that's rare.
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;
 But she gars a' my Spirits glow
 At wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper Love,
 That I look down on a' the Town,
 That I look down upon a Crown.
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld;
 And naithing gies me sic Delight,
 As wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy sings sae safely,
 When on my Pipe I play;
 By a' the rest, it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae safely,
 And in her Sangs are tald,
 With Innocence the Wale of Sense,
 At wawking of the Fauld.

THIS



HIS sunny Morning, *Roger*, cheers my Blood,
And puts all Nature in a jovial Mood.
How hartsome is't to see the rising Plants,
To hear the Birds chirm o'er their pleasing
Rants!

How halefome is't to snuff the cawler Air,
And all the Sweets it bears, when void of Care!
What ails thee, *Roger*, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the Cause of thy ill-season'd Pain.

R O G E R.

I'm born, O *Patie*! to a thrawart Fate;
I'm born to strive with Hardships sad and great.
Tempest may cease to jaw the rowan Flood,
Corbies and Tods to grein for Lambkins Blood;
But I, opprest with never ending Grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on Relief.

P A T I E.

THE Bees shall loath the Flow'r, and quit the Hive;
The Saughs on boggy Ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornful Queans, or Loss of wardly Gear,
Shall spill my Rest, or ever force a Tear.

R O G E R.

SAE might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whafe Saul's sae sadly out of Tune.
You have sae fast a Voice, and slid a Tongue;
You are the Darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a Sang, or speak,
They dit their Lugs, syne up their Leglens cleek;
And jeer me hameward fre the Loan or Bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing Thought.

B 2

Yes

Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a Lass's Eye.
 For ilka Sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
 And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

P A T I E.

BUT ablin, Nibour, ye have not a Heart,
 And downa eichly wi' your Cunzie part.
 If that be true, what signifies your Gear?
 A Mind that's scrimpit never wants some Care.

R O G E R.

MY Byar tumbled, nine braw Nowt were smoor'd,
 Three Elf shot were; yet I these Ills endur'd:
 In Winter last my Cares were very sma',
 Though Scores of Wathers perish'd in the Snaw.

P A T I E.

WERE your bein Rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
 Lefs you wad los, and lefs you wad repine.
 He that has just enough, can soundly sleep,
 The O'ercome only fashes Fowk to keep.

R O G E R.

MAY Plenty flow upon thee for a Cross,
 That thou may'st thole the Pangs of mony a Loss.
 O! may'st thou doat on some fair paughry Wench,
 That ne'er will lout thy lowan Drouth to quench;
 Till, bris'd beneath the Burden, thou cry Dool,
 And awn that ane may fret that is nae Fool.

P A T I E.

SAX good fat Lambs, I sauld them ilka Clute
 At the *West-port*, and bought a winsome Flute,

Of

Of Plum-tree made, with iv'ry Virles round,
A dainty Whistle with a pleasant Sound:
I'll be mair cānty wi't, and ne'er cry Dool,
Than you with all your Cash, ye dowie Fool.

R O G E R.

NA, *Patie*, na! I'm nae sic churlish Beast,
Some other thing lyes heavier at my Breast.
I dream'd a dreary Dream this hinder Night,
That gars my Flesh a' creep yet with the Fright.

P A T I E.

NOW to a Friend, how silly's this Pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your Secrets kens!
Daft are your Dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well seen Love, and dorty Jenny's Pride.
Take Courage, *Roger*, me your Sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but your sell.

R O G E R.

INDEED now, *Patie*, ye have guess'd o'er true;
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon a-squint;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka Place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unko blate.
But Yesterday I met her 'yont a Know;
She fled as frae a shelly-coated Kow.
She *Bauldy* loes, *Bauldy* that drives the Car;
But gecks at me, and says I smell of Tar.

P A T I E.

BUT *Bauldy* loes not her, right well I wat;
He sighs for *Neps*: — Sae that may stand for that.

R O G E R.

I wish I cou'dna loe her: — But in vain;
 I still maun doat, and thole her proud Disdain.
 My *Bawty* is a Cur I dearly like;
 Ev'n while he fawn'd, she strak the poor dumb Tike:
 If I had fill'd a Nook within her Breast,
 She wad have shawn mair Kindness to my Beast.
 When I begin to tune my Stock and Horn,
 With a' her Face she shaws a caulrife Scorn.
 Last Night I play'd, (ye never heard sic Spite)
 O'er *Bogie* was the Spring, and her Delite;
 Yet tauntingly she at her Cusin speer'd,
 Gif she could tell what Tune I p'ay'd, and sneer'd.
 Flocks, wander where ye like; I dinna care:
 I'll break my Reed, and never whistle mair.

P A T I E.

' E'EN do sae, *Roger*; wha can help Missluck,
 Sacbeins she be sic a thrawn gaber Chuck?
 Yonder's a Craig; since ye have tint all Hope,
 Gae till't your ways, and take the Lover's Loup.

R O G E R.

I needna mak sic Speed my Blood to spill;
 I'll warrant Death come soon enough a-will

P A T I E.

DAFT Gowk! leave aff that silly whinging Way:
 Seem careless, there's my Hand ye'll win the Day.
 Hear how I serv'd my Lads I love as well
 As ye do *Jenny*, and with Heart as steel.
 Last Morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a Dike I lean'd, glowring about,

I saw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the Lee;
 I saw my *Meg*, but *Meggy* saw na me:
 For yet the Sun was wading through the Mist,
 And she was close upon me e'er she wist.
 Her Coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare Legs that whyter were than Snaw;
 Her Cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
 Her Haffet looks hang waving on her Cheek;
 Her Cheek sae ruddy, and her Een sae clear;
 And O! her Mouth's like ony Hinnie pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in Bustine Waste-coat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy Green.
 Blythsome, I cry'd, My bonny *Meg*, come here;
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon afeer:
 But I can guess; ye're gawn to gather Dew.
 She scour'd awa, and said, What's that to you?
 Then fare ye well, *Meg-Dorts*, and e'en's ye like,
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the Dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a Crack,
 She came with a right thieveless Errand back;
 Misca'd me first,—then bad me hound my Dog
 To wear up three wast Ews stray'd on the Bog.
 I leugh, and sae did she; then with great haste
 I clasp'd my Arms about her Neck and Waste,
 About her yielding Waste, and took a Fouth
 Of sweetest Kisses frae her glowing Mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my Grips;
 My very Saul came louping to my Lips.
 Sae, fair she slet wi' me 'tween ilka Smaek:
 But well I kend she meant nae as she spake.

SANG

S A N G II. *Fy gar rub her o'er with Strac.*

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer Kindness with a Slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her Neglect,
For Women in a Man delight:
But them dispise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple Face give Way
To a Repulse— then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the Day.*

*When Maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying Tongue;
But tent the Language of their Een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your Love with Hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

R O G E R.

*KIND Patie, now fair fa your honest Heart;
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an Art.
To hearten ane: For now as clean's a Leek,
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your Pains, I'll make you a Propine;
My Mother (rest her Saul) she made it fine,
A Tartan Plaid, spun of good Hawflock Woo,
Scarlet and green the Sets, the Borders blue,
With Sprains like Gowd, and Siller cross'd with black;
I never had it yet upon my Back.
Well are ye wordy o'r, wha have sae kind
Red up my ravel'd Doubts, and clear'd my Mind.*

PATIE.

P A T I E.

WELL, hald ye there: — And since ye've frankly made
A Present to me of your braw new Plaid,
My Flute's be your's; and she too that's sae nice
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll take my Advice.

R O G E R.

As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the Flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny Spring;
For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

P A T I E.

BUT first we'll take a Turn up to the Height,
And see gif all our Flocks be feeding right.
Be that Time, Bannocks, and a Shave of Cheese,
Will make a Breakfast that a Laird might please,
Might please the daintiest Gabs, were they sae wise,
To season Meat with Health instead of Spice.
When we have tane the Grace-drink at this Well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my sell.

Exeunt.

A c t



ACT I. SCENE II.

*A flow'ry Howm between twa verdant Braes,
Where Lasses use to wash and spread their Claiths,
A trotting Burnie wimpling throw the Ground,
Its Channel Peebles, shining, smooth and round,
Here view twa barefoot Beauties clean and clear;
First please your Eye, next gratify your Ear,
While JENNY what she wishes discommends,
And MEG with better Sense true Love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

JENNY.

COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this Green;
The shining Day will bleech our Linen clean;
The Water's clear, the Lift unclouded blew,
Will make them like a Lilly wet with Dew.

PEGGY.

Go farer up the Burn to Habie's-How,
Where a' the Sweets of Spring and Summer grow;
Between twa Birks, out o'er a little Lin,
The Water fa's, and makes a singand Din;
A Pool Breast deep beneath, as clear as Glas,
Kisses with easy Whirles the bordring Grass:
We'll end our Washing while the Morning's cool,
And when the Day grows het, we'll to the Pool,
There wash our sells.— 'Tis healthfou now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sac warm a Day.

JEN:

J E N N Y.

DAFT Lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say
Gif our twa Herds come brattling down the Brae,
And see us sae? That jeering Fallow *Pate*
Wad taunting say, Haith, Lassies, ye're no blate.

P E G G Y.

WE'RE far frae ony Road, and out of Sight;
The Lads they're feeding far beyont the Height:
But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, (we're our lane)
What gars ye plague your Wooer with Disdain?
The Neighbour's a' tent this as well as I,
That *Roger* loes you, yet ye carna by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best Day e'er ye saw.

J E N N Y.

I dinna like him, *Peggy*; there's an End:
A Herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kames his Hair indeed, and gaes right snug;
With Ribbon-knots at his blew Bonnet-lug;
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-je,
And spreads his Garters dic'd beneath his Knee:
He falds his Owerlay down his Breast with Care,
And sew gangs trigger to the Kirk or Fair.
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye?* — or, *There's a bonny Day.*

P E G G Y.

YE dash the Lad with constant slighting Pride;
Hatred for Love is unco fair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye if his Love grow cauld.
What like's a dorty Maiden when she's auld?

SANG

S A N G III. Polwart on the Green.

*The Dorty will repent,
If Lover's Heart grow cauld,
And nane her Smiles will tent,
Soon as her Face looks auld:
The daunted Bairn thus takes the Pet,
Nor eats tho' Hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its Meat,
And's laught at by the lave.
They jest it till the Dinner's past,
Thus by its sell abus'd,
The fool Thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Fy! Jenny, think, and dinna sit your Time.

J E N N Y.

I never thought a single Life a Crime.

P E G G Y.

NOR I:— But Love in Whispers lets us ken,
That Men were made for us, and we for Men.

J E N N Y.

IF Roger is my Jo, he kens himself;
For sic a Tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the Cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his *Hums* and *Harws*?
When e'er he likes to tell his Mind mair plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're Fools that Slav'ry like, and may be free:
The Cheils may a' knit up themselves for me.

PEGGY

PEGGY.

BE doing your ways; for me I have a mind
To be as yielding as my *Patie's* kind.

JENNY.

HEH Lads! how can ye loo that Rattle-scall,
A very Deel that ay maun hae his Will?
We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting Life
You twa will lead sae soon's ye're Man and Wife.

SANG. IV. O dear Mother what shall I do:

*O dear Peggy, Love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his Smiling
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder Luck betyde you.
Lasses when their Fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a Life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youths' Joys;*

PEGGY.

I'll rin the Risk, nor have I any Fear,
But rather think ilk langtome Day a Year,
Till I, with Pleasure mount my Bridal Bed,
Where on my *Peatie's* Breast, I'll lean my Head;
There we may kifs, as lang as Kissing's good,
And what we do there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his Will: Why no? 'Tis good my Part
To give him that, and he'll give me his Heart.

JENNY.

HE may indeed for Ten or Fifteen Days
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unko Fraise,

C

And

And daut ye baith afore Fouk, and your lane:
 But soon as his Newfangleness is gane,
 He'll look upon you as his Tether-stake,
 And think he's rint his Freedom for your Sake,
 Instead then of lang Days of sweet Delyte,
 Ae Day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
 And may be in his Barlikhoods ne'er stick
 To lend his loving Wife a loundring Lick.

P E G G Y.

Sic course-span Thoughts as thae want Pith to move
 My settl'd Mind, I'm o'er far gane in Love.
Patie to me is dearer than my Breath,
 But want of him I dread no other Skaith.
 There's nane of a' the *Herds* that tread the Green
 Has sic a Smyle, or sic twa glancing Een.
 And then he speaks with sic a raking Art,
 His Words they thirle like Musick throw my Heart.
 How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at feckleless Fears that fright the lave.
 Ilk Day that he's alane upon the Hill,
 He reads fell Books that teach him meikle Skill.
 He is:—But what need I say that or this?
 I'd spend a Month to tell you what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a Gate,
 The rest seem Coofs, compar'd with my dear *Patie*.
 His better Sense will lang his Love secure:
 Ill Nature heffs in Sauls are weak and poor.

J E N N Y.

HEY bonny Lads of *Branksome*, or't be lang;
 Your witty *Pate* will put you in a Sang.
 O'tis a pleasant thing to be a Bride;
 Syne whindging Gers about your Ingle-side,

Yelping

Yelping for this or that with faceous Dim;
To mak them Brats then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae Waen fa's sick, ane scads its sell wi' Broe,
Ane breaks his Shin, anither tynes his Shoe.
The Deil gaes o'er *John Wobster*: Hame grows Hell,
When *Pate* miscaws ye war than Tongue can tell.

P E G G Y.

S A N G V. How can I be sad on my Wedding-Day.

*How shall I be sad when a Husband I hae
That has better Sense than any of thae
Sour weak silly Fellows, that study like Fools
To sink their ain Joy, and make their Wives Snools.
The Man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his Wife,
Or with dull Reproaches encourages Strife;
He praises her Virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small Failing, but find an Excuse.*

Y E S 'tis a hartsome thing to be a Wife,
When round the Ingle-edge young Sprouts are rise.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have Delight
To hear their little Complaints, and keep them right.]
Wow *Jenny*! can there greater Pleasure be,
Than see sic wee Tots toolying at your Knee;
When a' they ettle at,——their greatest Wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a Kiss?
Can there be Toil in tenting Day and Night
The like of them, when love makes Care Delight?

J E N N Y.

B U T Poortith, *Peggy*, is the warst of a':
Gif o'er your Heads ill Chance should Beggary draw;

But little Love, or canty Chear can come
 Frae duddy Doublets, and a Pantry toom.
 Your Nowt may die;— the Spate may bear away
 Frae aff the Howms your dainty Rucks of Hay;—
 The Thick blawn Wreaths of Snaw, or blasby Thows,
 May smoor your Wathers, and may rot your Ews:
 A Dyvour buys your Butter, Woo and Cheese,
 But, or the Day of Payment, breaks and flees:
 With glooman Brow the Laird seeks in his Rent:
 'Tis no to gie; your Merchant's to the bent:
His Honour manna want; he poinds your Gear:
 Syne driven frae House and Hald, where will ye steer?
 Dear *Meg*, be wife, and live a single Life:
 Troth 'tis nae mows to be a married Wife.

P E G G Y.

MAY sic ill Luck befa' that silly She
 Wha has sick Fears, for that was never me.
 Let Fowk bode well, and strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's requir'd, let Heaven make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest Uncle aften say,
 That Lads should a' for Wives that's virtuous pray:
 For the maist thrifty Man could never get
 A well stor'd Room, unless his Wife wad let.
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my Part
 To gather Wealth to raise my Shepherd's Heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny Care,
 And win the Vogue at Marker, Tron or Fair,
 For halvesome, clean, cheap and sufficient Ware.
 A Flock of Lambs, Cheese, Butter, and some Woo,
 Shall first be sold to pay the Laird his due;

Syne

Syne a' behind's our ain. — Thus without Fear,
With Love and Rowth we throw the Warld will steer;
And when my *Pate* in Bairns and Gear grows rise,
He'll blest the Day he gat me for his Wife.

J E N N Y.

BUT what if some young Giglit on the Green;
With dimpled Cheeks, and twa bewitching Een,
Should gar your *Patie* think his haff-worn *Meg*,
And her kend Kisses hardly worth a Feg.

P E G G Y.

NAE mair of that. — Dear *Jenny*, to be free;
There's some Men constanter in Love than we;
Nor is the Ferly great, when Nature kind
Has blest them with Solidity of Mind:
They'll reason calmly, and with Kindness smile;
When our short Passions wad our Peace beguile;
Sae whensoe'er they slight their Maiks at hame,
Tis ten to ane the Wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ with Pleasure a' my Art
To keep him chearfū, and secure his Heart:
At E'en, when he comes weary frae the Hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his Will.
In Winter, when he toils throw Wind and Rain;
A bleezing Ingle, and a clean Hearth stane:
And soon as he flings by his Plaid and Staff,
The Seething Pot's be ready to tak aff.
Clean Hag a bag I'll spread upon his Board,
And serve him with the best we can afford.
Good Humour and white Bigonets shall be
Guards to my Face, to keep his Love for me.

J E N N Y.

A Dish of married Love right soon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nane as Fowk grow auld.

P E G G Y.

BUT we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The Loss of Youth, when Love grows on the Mind.
Bairns and their Bairns make, sure, a firmer Tye,
Than ought in Love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa Elms that grow up Side by Side,
Suppose them some Years syne Bridegroom and Bride,
Nearer and nearer ilka Year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading Branches are increast,
And in their Mixture now are fully blest.
This shields the other frae the Eastlin Blast,
That in Return defends it frae the West.
Sic as stand single— (a State sae lik'd by you!)
Beneath ilk Storm frae ev'ry Airth maun bow.

J E N N Y.

I'VE done,— I yield; dear Lassy, I maun yield;
Your better Sense has fairly won the Field,
With the Assistance of a little Fae
Lyes darn'd within my Breast this mony a Day.

S A N ' G VI. Nan'sy's to the Green Wood gane,

*I yield, dear Lassie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as Light flows frae the Sun,
Frae Love proceeds complying.
For a' that we can do or say,
'Gainst Love nae Thinker heeds us,
They ken our Bosoms lodge the Fae,
That by the Heart-strings leads us.*

P E G G Y.

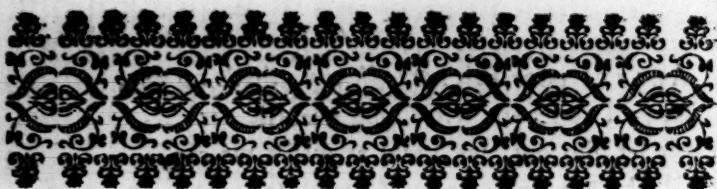
P E G G Y.

ALAKE! poor Pris'ner! *Jenny*, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie Thing take the Air:
Haste let him out, we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif he be *Bauldy's* or poor *Roger's* Man.

J E N N Y.

ANITHER Time's as good; — for see the Sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the Greath: — If canker'd *Madge* our Aunt
Come up the Burn, she'll gi'es a wicked Rant.
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my Mind;
For this seems true, — Nae Lafs can be unkind.

*Exeunt**End of the First ACT.***ACT**



ACT II. SCENE. I.

*'A snug Thack-house, before the Door a Green;
Hens on the Middling, Ducks in Dubs are seen:
On this Side stands a Barn, on that a Byar;
A Peet-stack joins, and forms a rural Squair.
The House is GLAUD's; --- there you may see him lean,
And to his Divet-seat invite his Friend.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

GOOD-MORROW, Nibour Symon; — come sit down,
And gie's your Cracks. -- What's a' the News in Town?
They tell me ye was in the ither Day,
And sold your *Crummock* and her bassen'd Quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a Pimd of Cut and Dry;
Lug out your Box, and gie's a Pipe to try.

SYMON.

WITH a' my Heart: — And, tent me now, auld Boy;
I've gather'd News will kittle your Mind with Joy.
I coud'na rest till I came o'er the Burn,
To tell ye Things have taken sic a Turn,
~~With ga~~ our vile Oppressors stend like Flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the Hether-braes.

GLAUD.

G L A U D.

FX blaw! — Ah *Symmie!* rattling Chiels ne'er stand
To cleck and spread the groffest Lies aff-hand;
Whilk soon flies round, like Will-fire, far and near:
But loose your Pock, be't true or fause let's hear.

S Y M O N.

SEEING's believing, *Gland;* and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our *Master* been,
Our brave good *Master*, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair Estate to save his Head,
Because ye ken fou well he bravely chose
To stand his Liege's Friend with great MONTROSE.
Now *Cromwell's* gane to *Ditch*; and ane ca'd *MONK*
Has play'd the *Rumple* a right sice Begunk,
Restor'd King *CHARLES*; and ilka Thing's in Tune;
And *Habby* says we'll see Sir *William* soon.

S A N G VII. Could Kale in Aberdeen:

Could be the Rebels Cast,
Oppressors base and bloody;
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a Woody.
Blest be he of Worth and Sense,
And ever high his Station,
That bravely stands in the Defence
Of Conscience, King and Nation.

G L A U D.

THAT makes me blyth indeed: — But dinna flaw;
Tell o'er your News again! and swear till't a'.
And saw ye *Hab*? And what did *Halbert* say?
They have been e'en a dreary Time away.

Now

NOW GOD be thanked that our Laird's come hame.
And his Estate, say, can he eithly claim?

S Y M O N.

THEY that hag-raid us till our Guts did grane,
Like greedy Bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
And good Sir *William* shall enjoy his ain.

G L A U D.

AND may he lang; for never did he stent
Us in our Thriving with a racket Rent,
Nor grumbld if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our Mailens when we pat on *Sunday's* Claiths.

S Y M O N.

NOR wad he lang, with senseless saucy Air;
Allow our lyart Noddles to be bare.
" Put on your Bonnet, *Symon*; — tak a Seat. —
" How's all at hame? — How's *Elspa*? How does *Kate*?
" How sells black Cattle? — What gi'es Woo this Year? —
And sic like kindly Questions wad he speer.

S A N G VIII. Mucking of *Geordy's* Byer.

*The Laird who in Riches and Honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor Tenants, who labour
To rise aboon Poverty:
Else like the Pack-horse that's unfother'd
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus Virtue by Hardship is smother'd,
And Rackers ast tine their Rent.*

G L A U D.

THEN wad he gar his *Buttler* bring bedeen,
The nappy Bottle ben, and Glasses clean;

While

Whilk in our Breast rais'd sic a blythsome Flame,
 As gart me mony a Time gae dancing hame.
 My Heart's e'en rais'd! — Dear Nibour, will ye stay,
 And tak your Dinner here with me the Day?
 We'll send for *Elspith* too; — and upo' sight,
 I'll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the Height.
 I'll yoke my Sled, and send to the neist Town,
 And bring a Draught of Ale baith stout and brown;
 And gar our Cottars a', Man, Wife and Wean,
 Drink till they tine the Gate to stand their lane.

S Y M O N.

I wadna bauk my Friend his blyth Design,
 Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:
 For heer-yestreen I brew'd a Bow of Mair,
 Yestreen I slew twa Wathers prime and fat;
 A Furlet of good Cakes my *Elspa* beuk,
 And a large Ham hings reesting in the Nook.
 I saw my sell, or I came o'er the Loan,
 Our meikle Pot that scads the Whey put on,
 A Mutton-bouk to boil; — and ane well roast;
 And on the Haggies *Elspa* spares nae Cost.
 Small are they shorn; and she can mix fou nice
 The gusty Ingans with a Curn of Spice.
 Fat are the Puddings, — Heads and Feet well sung;
 And we've invited Nibours auld and young,
 To pass this Afternoon with Glee and Game,
 And drink our *Master's* Health and Welcome hame;
 Ye manna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest Friend that I like best.
 Bring wi'ye all your Family and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again; |

GLAUD,

G L A U D.

SPOKE like ye'r sell, Auld-birky; never fear
 But at your Banquet I shall first appear :
 Faith we shall bend the Bicker and took bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, said I! — Troth I'm younger be a Score
 With your good News than what I was before.
 I'll dance or E'en! Hey, *Madge*, come forth, d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

M A D G E.

THE Man's gane gyte! Dear *Symon*, welcome here.
 What wad ye, *Glaud*, with a' this Haste and Din?
 Ye never let a Body sit to spin.

G L A U D.

SPIN! Snuff! — Gae break your Wheel, and burn your Tow,
 And set the meiklest Peet-stack in a Low.
 Syne dance about the Bane-fire till ye die,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir *William* see.

M A D G E.

BLITH News indeed! — And wha was't tald you o't?

G L A U D.

WHAT's that t'you? — Gae get my *Sunday's* Coat;
 Wale out the whitest of my bobit Bands,
 My White-skin Hose, and Mittans for my Hands;
 Then, frae their Washing, cry the Bairns in haste,
 And mak ye'r sell as trig, Head, Feet and Waist,
 As ye were a' to get young Lads or E'en;
 For we're gaun o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

S Y M O N.

Do, honest *Madge*, — and, *Glaud*, I'll o'er the Gate,
 And see that a' be done as I wad ha't.

Exeunt.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE II.

*The open Field. — A Cottage in a Glen,
An auld Wife spinning at the sunny End. —
At a small Distance, by a blasted Tree,
With salded Arms, and haff rais'd Look y^e see.*

BAULDY his lane.

B A U L D Y.

WHAT's this! — I canna bear't! 'Tis war than Hell;
To be fac burnt with Love, yet darna tell!
O PEGGY! sweeter than the dawning Day,
Sweeter than gowany Glens, or new mawn Hay;
Blyther than Lambs that frisk out o'er the Knows,
Straighter than ought that in the Forest grows.
Her Een the clearest Blob of Dew outshines;
The Lilly in her Breast its Beauty tines.
Her Legs, her Arms, her Cheeks, her Mouth, her Een;
Will be my Dead, that will be shortly seen!
For *Pate* loes her, — waes me, and she loes *Pate*,
And I with *Neps*, by some unlucky Fate
Made a daft Vow! — O but an be a Beast,
That makes rash Aiths till he's afore the Priest.
I dare na speak my Mind, else a' the three,
But Doubt, wad prove ilk ane my Enemy.
'Tis fare to thole, — I'll try some Witchcraft Art,
To break with ane, and win the other's Heart.

D

Here

Here *Mausy* lives, a Witch that for sma' Price,
 Can cast her Cantraips, and give me Advice.
 She can o'ercast the Night, and cloud the Moon,
 And mak the Deils obedient to her Crune.
 At Midnight Hours, o'er the Kirk-yards she raves,
 And howks unchristen'd Weans out of their Graves;
 Boils up their Livers in a Warlock's Pow,
 Rins withershins about the Hemlock Low;
 And seven times does her Prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes with Lumps of *Lapland* Clay,
 Mixt with the Venom of black Taid's and Snakes.
 Of this, unsonsy Pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates; — and gars expire,
 With slaw and racking Pains afore a Fire;
 Stuck fou of Prines, the devilish Pictures melt,
 The Pain by Fowk they represent is felt.
 And yonders *Mause*: Ay, ay, she kens fou well,
 When ane like me comes running to the Deil.
 She and her Cat sit beeking in her Yard,
 To speak my Errand, faith, amai't I'm fear'd:
 But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive,
 They gallop fast that Deils and Lassies drive.

Exit.



ACT



ACT II. SCENE III.

*A green Kail-yard, a little Font,
Where Water poplan springs,
There sits a Wife with Wrinkle-front,
And yet she spins and sings.*

M A U S E.

S A N G IX. Carle and the King come.

Peggy, now the King's come,

Peggy, now the King's come,

Thou may dance and I shall sing,

Peggy, since the King's come:

Nae mair the Hawkies shalt thou milk,

But change thy Plaiding-coat for Silk,

And be a Lady of that ilk,

Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

Enter BAULDY.

B A U L D Y.

HOW does auld honest Lucky of the Glen?
Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore ten?

M A U S E.

E'EN twining out a Thread with little Din,

And beeking my cauld Limbs afore the Sun.

What brings my Bairn this Gate sae air at Morn?

Is there nae Muck to lead? — to thresh nae Corn?

D 2

BAULDY.

B A U L D Y.

ENOUGH of baith; — But something that requires
Your helping Hand imploy now all my Cares.

M A U S E.

My helping Hand, alake! what can I do,
That underneath baith Eild and Poortith bow?

B A U L D Y.

AY, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist Part of the Parish tells a Lie.

M A U S E.

OF what kind Wisdom think ye I'm posselt,
That lifts my Character aboon the rest?

B A U L D Y.

THE Word that gangs, how ye're sae wise and fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I soud tell.

M A U S E.

WHAT Fouk says of me, *Bauldy*, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

B A U L D Y.

WELL, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you but a Flaw.
When last the Wind made *Gland* a rooffless Barn;
When last the Burn bore down my Mither's Yarn;
When *Brawny* Elf shot never mair came hame;
When *Tibby* kirk'd and there nae Butter came;
When *Bessy Freetock's* chuffy checked Wean
To a Fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane;

When

When *Watie* wander'd ae Night through the Shaw,
 And tint himsel amaisht amang the Snaw;
 When *Mungo's* Mare stood still and swat with Fright,
 When he brought East the Howdy under Night;
 When *Bawfy* shot to dead upon the Green,
 And *Sara* tint a Snood was nae mair seen:
 You, *Lucky*, gat the Wyre of a' fell out,
 And ilka ane here dreads ye round about.
 And sae they may that mint to do ye Skaith,
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
 But when I neist make Grots, I'll strive to please
 You with a Furlet of them mixt with Pease.

M A U S E.

I thank ye Lad, — now tell me your Demand;
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping Hand.

B A U L D Y.

THEN, I like *Peggy*, — *Neps* is fond of me —
Peggy likes *Pate*; — and *Patie* is bauld and sice,
 And loes sweet *Meg*: — But *Neps* I downa see —
 Cou'd ye turn *Patie's* Love to *Neps*, and than,
Peggy's to me, — I'd be the happiest Man.

M A U S E.

I'll try my Art to gar the Bouls row right;
 Sae gang your Ways and come again at Night;
 'Gainst that Time I'll some simple Things prepare;
 Worthall your Pease and Grots, tak ye nae Care.

B A U L D Y.

WELL, *Mause*, I'll come, gif I the Road can find;
 But if ye raise the *Deil*, he'll raise the Wind,

Syne Rain and Thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
 Will make the Night fac rough, I'll tine the Gate.
 We're a' to rant in *Symie's* at a Feast,
 O will ye come like *Badrans*, for a Jest?
 And there ye can our diff'rent Haviours spy;
 There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

M A U S E.

'Tis like I may, — but let na on what's past
 'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle Cast.

B A U L D Y.

If I ought of your Secrets e'er advance,
 May ye ride on me ilka Night to *France*.

Exit Bauldy.

M A U S E *her lane.*

HARD Luck, alake! when Poverty and Eild,
 Weeds out of Fashion, and a lanely Beild,
 With a small Cast of Wiles, should in a Twitch,
 Gi'e ane the hatefu' Name, *A wrinkled Witch*.
 This Fool imagines, as do mony sic,
 That I'm a Wretch in Compact with *Auld Nick*;
 Because by Education I was taught
 To speak and act aboon their common Thought.
 Their gross Mistake shall quickly now appear:
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
 Nane ken't but me; — and if the Morn were come,
 I'll tell them Tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

Exit.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE IV.

*Behind a Tree upon the Plain,
PATE and his PEGGY meet;
In Love without a vicious Stain,
The bonny Lass and chearfu' Swain
Change Vows and Kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

P E G G Y.

O *PATIE* let me gang, I mauna stay,
We're baith cry'd hame, and *Jenny* she's away.

P A T I E.

' I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
And *Roger* he's awa with *Jenny* gane:
They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge as we.
Here where *Primroses* thickest paint the *Green*,
Hard by this little *Burnie* let us lean.
Hark how the *Lav'rocks* chant aboon our *Heads*,
How fast the *Westlin Winds* sough throw the *Reeds*.

P E G G Y.

THE scented *Meadows*,—*Birds*—and healthy *Breeze*,
For ought I ken may mair than *Peggy* please.

PATIE

P A T I E.

YE wrang me fair to doubt my being kind;
 In speaking sae ye' ca me dull and blind:
 Gif I could fancy ought's sae sweet or fair
 As my dear *Meg*, or worthy of my Care.
 Thy Breath is sweeter than the sweetest Brier;
 Thy Cheek and Breast the finest Flowers appear;
 Thy Words excel the maist delightfu' Notes,
 That warble through the Merl or Mavis' Throtes.
 With thee I tent nae Flowers that busk the Field,
 Or ripest Berries that our Mountains yield.
 The sweetest Fruits that hing upon the Tree,
 Are far inferior to a Kiss of thee.

P E G G Y.

BUT *Patrick* for some wicked End may fleech,
 And Lambs should tremble when the Foxes preach.
 I datena stay, — ye Jocker let me gang,
 Anither Lads may gar ye change your Sang,
 Your Thoughts may flit, and I may thole the Wrang.

P A T I E.

SOONER a Mother shall her Fondness drap,
 And wrang the Bairn sits smiling on her Lap;
 The Sun shall change, the Moon to change shall cease;
 The Gaits to climb, — the Sheep to yield the Fleece:
 Ere ought by me be either said or done,
 Shall skaith our Love, I swear by all aboon.

P E G G Y.

THEN keep your Aith: — But mony Lads will swear,
 And be mansworn to twa in Haf a year.

[Now

Now I believe ye like me wonder well ;
 But if a fairer Face your Heart should steal,
 Your *Meg*, forsaken, bootless might relate
 How she was daunted anes by faithless *Pate*.

P A T I E.

I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
 Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a Year.
 I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
 Or lisp out Words, I choos'd ye frae the Thrang
 Of a' the Bairns, and led thee by the Hand,
 Aft to the *Tan/y-know*, or *Rashy-Strand*.
 Thou smiling by my Side, — I took Delyte
 To pou the Rashes green, with Roots sae whyte,
 Of which, as well as my young Fancy cou'd,
 For thee I plect the flow'ry Belt and Snood.

P E G G Y.

WHEN first thou gade with Shepherds to the Hill,
 And I to milk the Ews first try'd my Skill;
 To bear a Leglen was nae Toil to me,
 When at the Bught at Even I met with thee.

P A T I E.

WHEN Corns grew yellow, and the Hether Bells
 Bloom'd bonny on the Moor and rising Fells ;
 Nae Birns, or Briers, or Whins e'er troubled me,
 Gif I could find Blae Berries ripe for thee.

P E G G Y.

WHEN thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the Stane,
 And wan the Day, my Heart was flightering fain:

At all these Sports thou still gave Joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

P A T I E.

JENNY sings fast the *Broom of Cowdenknows*;
And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the Ews*;
There's nane like Nansy, Jenny Nettles sings,
At Turns in Maggy Lawder Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings, with sweeter Skill,
The *Boatman*, or the *Last of Patie's Mill*;
It is a thousand Times mair sweet to me:
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

P E G G Y.

How eith can Lasses trow what they desire?
And roos'd by them we love, blaws up that Fire:
But wha loves best, let Time and Carriage try;
Be constant, and my Love shall Time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my Cares shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

*The foregoing, with a small Variation, was sung at the
Acting-as follows,*

S A N G X. The yellow hair'd Laddie.

*When first my dear Laddie gade to the green Hill,
And I at Ew-milking first sey'd my young Skill,
To bear the Milk-bowie, nae Pain was to me,
When I at the Bughting forgather'd with thee.*

P A T I E.

*When Corn rigs wav'd yellow, and blew Hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on Moorland and sweet rising Fells,
Nae Birns, Brier on Breckens gave Trouble to me,
If I found the Berries right ripen'd for thee.*

PEGGY

PEGGY.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the Stane,
And came aff the Victor, my Heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka Sport manly, gave Pleasure to me;
For nane can put, wrestle or run swift as thee.*

PATIE.

*Our Jenny sings safly the Cowden Broom Knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the Ews;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Bess gars our Lugs ring;
But when my dear Peggy sings with better Skill,
The Boatman, Tweedside, or the Lads of the Mill,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

PEGGY.

*How easy can Lasses trow what they desire;
And Praises sae kindly increases Love's Fire;
Give me still this Pleasure, my Study shall be
To make my self better and sweeter for thee.*

PATIE.

*WERT thou a Giglit Gawky like the lave,
That little better than our Nowt behave:
At nought they'll ferly— senseless Tales believe;
Be blyth for silly Heghts, for Trifles grieve:—
Sic ne'er cou'd win my Heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a Prize, or yet prove true.
But thou in better Sense, without a Flaw,
As in thy Beauty far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my Care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.*

P E G G Y.

AGREED;— but harken, yon's auld Aunty's Cry:
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

P A T I E.

AND let them ferly, —now a kindly Kiss,
Or Fivescore good anes wad not be a-mils;
And syne we'll sing the Sang with tuncfu' Glee,
That I made up last Owk on you and me.

P E G G Y.

SING first, syne claim your Hyre. —————

P A T I E.

————— Well I agree,

S A N G XI. P A T I E sings.

BY the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
And rowing Eye that smiling tells the Truth,
I guess, my Lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for Love, and why should ye deny?

P E G G Y sings.

But ken ye, Lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the Woing's done?
The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Power,
Like unripe Fruit will taste but hard and sour.

P A T I E sings.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetness they may sine, and sae may ye.
Red cheeked you completely ripe appear.
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang Half-year.

PEG

PEGGY singing falls into *Patie's Arms.*

*Then dinna pou me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's Arms for good and a':
But stint your Wishes to this kind Embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the Grace.*

PATIE, with his left Hand about her Waist:

*O charming Armsfu'! hence, ye Cares, away;
I'll kiss my Treasure a' the live lang Day;
All Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun gallop down the Westlin Skies,
Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise;
O! Lash your Steeds, post Time away,
And haste about our Bridal Day:
And if ye're wearied, honest Light,
Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.*

End of the Second ACT.

E

Act



ACT III. SCENE. I.

*Now turn your Eyes beyond yon spreading Lyme,
And tent a Man whose Beard seems bleach'd with Time.
An Elwand fills his Hand, his Habit mean;
Nae Doubt ye'll think he has a Pedlar been:
But whisht! it is the Knight in Masquerade,
That comes hid in this Cloud to see his Lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal Sufferer moves
Throw his auld Aw'news, anes delightfu' Groves.*

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE Gentleman thus hid in low Disguile,
I'll for a Space, unknown delight mine Eyes,
With a full View of every fertile Plain,
Which once I lost,—which now are mine again.
Yet 'midst my Joys, some Prospects Pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair Seat in Ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands
Without a Roof, the Gates faln from their Bands;
The Casements all broke down, no Chimny left,
The naked Walls of Tap'stry all bereft.
My Stables and Pavilions, broken Walls!
That with each rainy Blast decaying falls.
My Gardens once adorn'd, the most complete,
With all that Nature all that Art makes sweet:
Where round the figur'd Green and Peeble Walks,
The dewy Flowers hung nodding on their Stalks;

But over-grown with Nettles, Docks and Brier,
 No *Jaccacincths* or *Eglintines* appear.
 How do these ample Walls to Ruin yield,
 Where *Peach* and *NestPrine* Branches found a Beild,
 And bask'd in Rays, which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the Use!
 All round in Gaps, the most in Rubbish ly,
 And from what stands the withered Branches fly.

Time.

THESE soon shall be repair'd;— and now my Joy,
 Forbids all Grief, — when I'm to see my BOY,
 My only Prop, and Object of my Care,
 Since Heaven too soon call'd Home his MOTHER fair.
 Him, ere the Rays of Reason clear'd his Thought,
 I secretly to faithful *Symon* brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his Birth,
 'Till we should see what changing Times brought forth;
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the Dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the Height and Lawn,
 After his fleecy Charge serenly gay,
 With other Shepherds whistling o'er the Day.
 Thrice happy Life, that's from Ambition free:
 Remov'd from Crowns and Courts, how cheerfully,
 A quiet, contented Mortal spends his Time,
 In hearty Health, his Soul unstain'd with Crime!

Or sung as follows, SANG XII. *Happy Clown*,

Hid from himself, now by the Dawn
He starts as fresh as Roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the Heights and Lawn,
After his bleeting Flocks.

Be

40 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* ACT III.

*Healthisful, and innocently gay
He chants and whistles out the Day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly Weathercocks.*

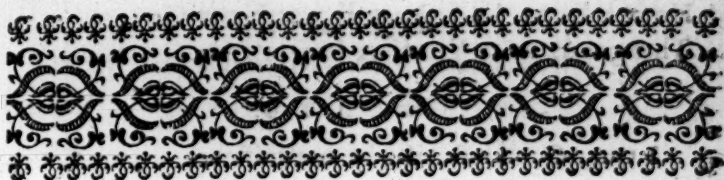
*Life happy, from Ambition free
Envy and vile Hypocrisie,
Where Truth and Love with Joys agree
Unfollied with a Crime:
Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,
In proping of their Pride and State;
He lives and unafraid of Fate,
Contented spends his Time.*

Now tow'rd's good Symon's House I'll bend my Way,
And see what makes yon Gamboling to Day;
All on the Green, in a fair wanton Ring,
My youthful Tenants gayly dance and sing.

Exit Sir WILLIAM.



ACT



ACT III. SCENE II.

'Tis Symon's House, please to step in;
 And vissy't round and round,
 There's nought superfluous to give Pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all is clean: A clear Peat-ingla
 Glances amidst the Floor;
 The Green Horn-spoons, Beech-Luggies mingle
 On Skelfs foregainst the Door.
 While the young Brood sport on the Green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 With the brown Cow to clear their Een,
 Snuff, crack, and take their Rest?

SYMON, GLAUD and ELSPA.

GLAUD.

WE anes were young our fells, — I like to see,
 The Bairns bob round with other merrily
 Troth Symon, Patie's grown a strapan Lad,
 And better Looks than his I never bade.
 Amang our Lads, he bears the Gree awa',
 And tells his Tale the cleverest of them a'

ELSPA.

Poor Man! — he's a great Comfort to us Bairns:
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae Skaitie.

He is a Bairn, I'll say't, well worth our Care,
That gae us ne'er Vexation late or Air.

G L A U D.

I true, Goodwife, if I be not mistane,
He seems to be with *Peggy's* Beauty tane;
And troth my *Neice* is a right dainty Wean,
As ye well ken; a bonnyer needna be,
Nor better— be't she were na Kin to me.

S Y M O N

HA *Glaud*! I doubt that ne'er will be a Match,
My *Patie's* wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for Reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the Mools my fell.

G L A U D.

WHAT Reason can ye have? there's nane, I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
Bur gif the Lassie marry to my Mind,
I'll be to her as my ain *Jenny* kind:
Fourscore of breeding Ews of my ain Birn,
Five Ky that at ae Milking fills a Kirn,
I'll gie to *Peggy* that Day she's a Bride;
By and attour, if my good Luck abide,
Ten Lambs at spaining Time, as lang's I live,
And twa Quey Cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

E L S P A.

YE offer fair, kind *Glaud*, but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

SYMON.

S Y M O N.

ON this Day eight Days, likely he shall learn,
That our Denial disna slight his Bairn.

G L A U D.

WELL, nae mair o't, — come gie's the other Bend,
We'll drink their Healths, whatever Way it end.

(*Their Healths gae round.*)

S Y M O N.

BUT will ye tell me, *Glaud*, — by some 'tis said,
Your Niece is but a *Fundling*, that was laid
Down at your Hallon-side, ae Morn in *May*,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry Hay.

G L A U D.

THAT clatteran *Madge*, my Titty, tells sic Flaws,
Whene'er our *Meg* her cankart Humour gaws.

Enter J E N N Y.

O! Father, there's an auld Man on the Green,
The fellest Fortune-teller e'er was seen;
He tents our Loofs, and syne whops out a Book,
Turns owre the Leaves, and gie's our Brows a Look:
Synce tells the oddest Tales that e'er ye heard,
His Head is gray, and lang and gray his Beard.

S Y M O N.

GAE bring him in, we'll hear what he can say;
Nane shall gang hungry by my House to Day.

Exit Jenny.

But for his telling Fortunes, troth I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my gray Mare.

G L A U D.

G L A U D.

SPAEMEN! — the Truth of a' their Saws I doubt,
For greater Liars never ran thereout.

*Returns Jenny, bringing in Sir William; with
them Patie.*

S Y M O N.

YE'RE weloome, honest Carle; — here, tak a Sear.

Sir W I L L.

I give ye Thanks, Goodman; I fe no be blate.

G L A U D *drinks.*

COME t'ye Friend: — How far came ye the Day?

Sir W I L L.

I pledge ye, Nibour; — e'en but little Way:
Rousted with Eild, a wic Piece Gate seems lang;
Twa Miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

S Y M O N.

YE'RE welcome here to stay all Night with me;
And tak sic Bed and Board as we can gi' ye.

Sir W I L L.

THAT'S kind unfought. — Well, gin ye have a Bairn:
That ye like well, and wad his Fortune learn,
I shall imploy the farthest of my Skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

S Y M O N *pointing to Patie.*

ONEY that Lad; — alake! I have nae mac,
Eithar to mak me joyful now or wae.

Sir

Sir W I L L.

YOUNG Man, let's see your Hand. What gars ye sneer?

P A T I E.

BECAUSE your Skill's but little Worth, I fear.

Sir W I L L.

YE cut before the Point: — But, Billy, bide,
I'll wager there's a Mouse-mark on your Side.

E L S P A.

BETOOCH-us-to! — and well I wat that's true:
Awa, awa! the Deil's owre gait wi' you.
Four Inch aneath his Oxter is the Mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a Sark.

Sir W I L L.

I'LL tell ye mair, if this young Lad be spaird
But a short While, he'll be a braw rich Laird.

E L S P A.

A Laird! Hear ye, Goodman! — what think ye now!

S Y M O N.

I dinna ken! strange auld Man, what art thou?
Fair fa your Heart, 'tis good to bode of Wealth;
Come turn the Timber to Laird *Patie's* Health.

(*Patie's Health gaes round.*)

P A T I E.

A Laird of twa good Whistles and a Kent,
Twa Curs my trusty Tenants on the Bent,
Is all my great Estate, — and like to be:
Sae, cunning Carle, ne'er break your Jokes on me.

S Y M O N.

S Y M O N.

W H I S H T, *Patie*; — let the Man look owre your Hand;
Aftimes as broken a Ship has come to Land.

*Sir William looks a little at Patie's Hand, then
counterfeits falling into a Trance, while they
endeavour to lay him right.*

E L S P A.

P R E S E R V E 's! — the Man's a Warlock, or posselt
With some nae good, — or Second-sight at least.
Where is he now? —————

G L A U D.

————— He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka Place, beneath or yont the Moon.

E L S P A.

T H E S E Second-sighted Fouk, his Peace be here!
See Things far aff, and Things to come; as clear
As I can see my Thumb; wow, can he tell
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himsell)
How soon we'll see *Sir William*? Whisht, he heaves,
And speaks out broken Words like ane that raves.

S Y M O N.

H E 'L L soon grow better. — *Elspa*, haste ye gae
And fill him up a Tass of *Usquebae*.

Sir W I L L. starts up and speaks.
A Knight that fo' a L Y O N fought,
Against a Herd of Bears,
Was to lang Toil and Trouble brought,
In which some Thousands shares:

But now again the LYON rares,
And Fox spreads owre the Plain,
The LYON has defeat the Bears,
The Knight returns again.



THAT Knight, in a few Days, shall bring
A Shepherd frae the Fauld,
And shall present him to his King,
A Subject true and bauld.
He Mr. PATRICK shall be call'd: —
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tauld,
For it shall happen true.

S Y M O N.

FRIEND, may your Spaeing happen soon and weel;
But, Faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the Deel,
To tell some Tales that Fouks wad secret keep;
Or do you get them tald you in your Sleep?

Sir W I L L.

HOWE'ER I get them, never fash your Beard;
Nor come I to redd Fortunes for Reward;
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I prophefy shall soon appear.

S Y M O N.

You prophefying Fouks are odd kind Men!
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken;
The wimpled Meaning of your unko Tale,
Whilk soon will make a Noise o'er Muir and Dale

G L A U D.

G L A U D.

'Tis nae sma' Sport to hear how *Sym* believes,
 And takes't for Gospel what the Spaemen gives,
 Of flawing Fortunes whilk he evens to *Pate* :
 But what we wish, we trow at ony Rate.

Sir W I L L.

WHISHT, doubtfu' Carle, for ere the Sun
 Has driven twice down to the Sea,
 What I have said, ye shall see done
 In Part, or nae mair credit me.

G L A U D.

WELL, be't sae, Friend; I shall say naithing mair,
 But I have twa sonsy Lasses young and fair,
 Plump ripe for Men : I wish ye cou'd foresee
 Sic Fortunes for them might bring Joy to me.

Sir W I L L.

NAE mair through Secreters can I sift,
 Till Darknefs black the Bent,
 I have but anes a Day that Gift :
 Sae rest a While content.

S Y M O N.

ELSPA, cast on the Claith, fetch butt some Meat,
 And of your best gar this auld Stranger eat.

Sir W I L L.

DELAY a While your hospitable Care,
 I'd rather enjoy this Evening calm and fair,
 Around yon ruin'd Tower to fetch a Walk
 With you, kind Friend, to have some private Talk.

SYMON.

S Y M O N.

SOON as you please, I'll answer your Desire, —
And, *Gland*, you'll take your Pipe beside the Fire;
We'll but gae round the *Place*, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our Pint and Crack.

G L A U D.

I'll out a While, and see the Young-anes play:
My Heart's still light, abeit my Locks be gray.

Exeunt.



ACT III. SCENE III.

*JENNY pretends an Errand hame,
Young ROGER draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting Flame,
And thow his Lassie's Breast.
Behind a Bush, well hid frae Sight they meet.
See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.*

Poor Shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

R O G E R.

D EAR *Jenny*, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let;
And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

E

JEN:

J E N N Y.

AND what wad *Roger* say, if he could speak;
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

R O G E R.

YES ye may guess, right eith for what I green,
Baith by my Service, Sighs, and langing Een:
And I maun out wi't tho' I risk your Scorn,
Ye're never frae my Thoughts baith Even and Morn.
Ah! cou'd I loe ye less, I'd happy be;
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

J E N N Y.

AND wha kens, honest Lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye nay.

R O G E R.

ALAKE! my frightened Heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my Tale,
For fear some tighter Lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your Love, and near your Heart may ly.

J E N N Y.

I loe my Father, Cusin *Meg* I love;
But to this Day, nae Man my Mind cou'd move:
Except my Kin, ilk Lad's alike to me;
And frae ye all I best had keep me free.

R O G E R.

How lang, dear *Jenny*? — sayna that again;
What Pleasure can ye tak in giving Pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet stand free,
Wha kens but ye may rue and pity me?

J E N N Y.

J E N N Y.

Y E have my Pity else, to see ye set
 On that whilk makes our Sweetness soon foryer,
 Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every Thing!
 How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kiss or sing!
 But we're nae sooner Fools to give Consent,
 Than we our Daffine, and tint Power repent:
 When prison'd in four Waws a Wife right tame,
 Altho' the first, the greatest Drudge at hame.

R O G E R.

T H A T only happens, when for sake of Gear,
 Ane wales a Wife as he would buy a Mare:
 Or when dull Parents Bairns together bind
 Of different Tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
 But Love, true downright Love, engages me,
 Tho' thou should scorn, — still to delight in thee.

J E N N Y.

W H A T saggard Words frae Wooers Lips can sa'
 But ginning Marriage comes and ends them a'.
 I've seen with shining Fair the Morning rise,
 And soon the sleety Clouds mirk a' the Skies;
 I've seen the Silver-spring a While rin clear,
 And soon in mossy Puddles disappear:
 The Bridegroom may rejoice, the Bride may smile;
 But soon Contentions a' their Joys beguile.

R O G E R.

I 'V E seen the Morning rise with fairest Light,
 The Day unclouded, sink in calmest Night;
 I've seen the Spring rin wimpling throw the Plain,
 Increase, and join the Ocean without Stain:

The Bridegroom may be blyth, the Bride may smile,
Rejoice throw Life, and all your Fears beguile.

J E N N Y.

WERE I but sure you lang wou'd Love maintain,
The fewest Words my easy Heart could gain :
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your Company ;
And ever had a Warmness in my Breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

R O G E R.

I'M happy now! o'er happy! had my Head! —
This Gush of Pleasure's like to be my Dead.
Come to my Arms! or strike me! I'm all fyr'd
With wond'ring Love! let's kifs till we be tyr'd.
Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the Sun and Stars away,
And ferly at the quick Return of Day!
O Jenny! let my Arms about thee twine,
And bris thy bonny Breasts and Lips to mine.

Which may be sung as follows, S A N G XIII. *Leith-
wynd.*

J E N N Y.

*Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain,
The easy Maid beset with Love,
Few Words will quickly gain ;
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond Heart of mine
Has lang, a Black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

R O.

ROGER.

*I'm happy now, ah! let my Head
Upon thy Breast recline;
The Pleasure strikes me near-hand dead!
Is Jenny then sae kind? —
O let me bris thee to my Heart!
And round my Arms entwine:
Delysful Thought; we'll never part!
Come press thy Mouth to mine.*

JENNY.

*WITH equal Joy my easly Heart gi'es Way,
To own thy well try'd Love has won the Day.
Now by these warmest Kisses thou has tane,
Swear thus to love me when by Vows made ane.*

ROGER.

*I swear by Fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;
There shall not be a kindlier dawted Wife,
If you agree with me to lead your Life.*

JENNY.

SANG XIV. *O'er Bogie.*

*Well I agree, ye're sure of me;
Next to my Father gae.
Make him content to give Consent,
He'll hardly say you nay:
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you well,
Since Parents auld think Love grows cauld,
Where Bairns want Milk and Meat.*

*Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain.
 Tho' a' my Kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane,
 Then never range, or learn to change,
 Like these in high Degree:
 And if you prove faithf'ul in Love,
 You'll find nae Fault in me.*

R O G E R.

My Faulds contain twice Fifteen forrow Nowt,
 'As mony Newcal in my Byars rowt:
 Five Pack of Woo I can at *Lammas* sell,
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd Bleeters on the Fell.
 Good twenty Pair of Blankets for our Bed,
 With meikle Care my thrifty Mither made.
 Ilk Thing that makes a hartsome Houfe and tight,
 Was still her Care, my Father's great Delight.
 They left me all, which now gie's Joy to me,
 Because I can give a', my Dear, to thee:
 And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
 Nane but my *Jenny* shou'd the samen skair.
 My Love and all is yours; now had them fast,
 And guide them as ye like to gar them last.

J E N N Y.

I'll do my best; — but see wha comes this Way;
Patie and *Meg*, — besides I mauna stay;
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the Morn,
 If we be seen we'll dric a deal of Scorn.

R o

A c

To
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T
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Sir

T o

To a
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 Against
 Sir Will
 Wha fil

ROGER.

To where the Saugh tree shades the Mennin-pool,
I'll frae the Hill come down, when Day grows cool;
Keep Tryst, and meet me there, there let us meet,
To kifs and tell our Love;—there's nought sae sweet.



ACT III. SCENE IV.

*This Scene presents the KNIGHT and SYM
Within a Galery of the Place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim,
Nor has the Baron shown his Face;
But joking with his Shepherd leel,
Aft speers the Gase he kens fou well.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir WILL.

TO whom belongs this House so much decay'd?

SYMON.

To ane that lost it, lending generous Aid,
To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail
Against the Laws of Nature did prevail.
*Sir William Worthy is our Master's Name,
Wha fills us all with Joy, now HE'S COME HAME.*

(*Sir William draps his masking Beard,
Symon transported sees
The welcome Knight with fond Regard,
And grasps him round the Knees.*)

My Master! my dear Master!— do I breathe!
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae Skaith!
Return'd to cheer his wishing Tenant's Sight,
To bless his SON, my Charge, the World's Delight!

Sir WILL.

Rise faithful Symon, in my Arms enjoy
A Place, thy due, kind Guardian of my Boy:
I came to view thy Care in this Disguise,
And am confirm'd thy Conduct has been wise;
Since still the Secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real Birth reveal'd.

S Y M O N.

THE due Obedience to your strict Command
Was the first Lock;—neist my ain Judgment fand
Our Reasons plenty:—Since, without Estate,
A Youth, tho' sprung frae Kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir WILL.

AND aften vain and idly spend their Time,
Till grown unfit for Action, past their Prime,
Hang on their Friends,—which gies their Souls a Cast.
That turns them downright Beggars at the last.

S Y M O N.

Now well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true;
For there's Laird Kytie's Son, that's loo'd by few.
His Father steght his Fortune in his Wame,
And left his Heir nought but a gentle Name.

He

He gangs about sornan frae Place to Place,
 As scrimp of Manners, as of Sense and Grace,
 Oppressing all as Punishment of their Sin,
 That are within his tenth Degree of Kin:
 Rins in ilk Trader's Debt, whae's sae unjust
 To his ain Fam'lie, as to give him Trust.

Sir WILL.

SUCH useless Branches of a Commonwealth,
 Should be lopt off to give a State mair Health.
 Unworthy bare Reflection.—*Symon*, run
 O'er all your Observations on my Son:
 A Parent's Fondness easily finds Excuse:
 But do not with Indulgence Truth abuse.

SYMON.

To speak his Praise, the langest Simmer day
 Wad be owre short,— could I them right display.
 In Word and Deed he can sae well behave.
 That out of Sight he runs before the lave;
 And when there's e'er a Quarrel or Contest,
Patrick's made Judge, to tell whase Cause is best;
 And his Decreet stands good; he'll gar it stand:
 Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting Hand.
 With a firm Look, and a commanding Way,
 He gars the proudest of our Herds obey.

Sir WILL.

YOUR Tale much pleases,— my good Friend, proceed:
 What Learning has he? can he write and read?

SYMON.

BAITH wonder well; for troth I didna spare,
 To gi'e him at the School enough of Lair;

And

And he delytes in Books:—He reads and speaks,
With Fowks that ken them *Latin Words* and *Greeks*.

Sir W I L L.

WHERE gets he Books to read?—and of what Kind?
Tho' some give Light, some blindly lead the Blind.

S Y M O N

WHEN e'er he drives our Sheep to *Edinburgh Port*,
He buys some Books of History, Sangs or Sport:
Nor does he want of them a Rowth at Will,
And carries ay a Poutchfu' to the Hill.
About ane *Shakespeare*, and a famous *Ben*,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of Men.
How sweetly *Harwithrenden* and *Stirling* sing,
And ane caw'd *Cowley*, loyal to his King,
He kens fou well, and gars their Verses ring.
I sometimes thought that he made o'er great Frase,
About fine Poems, Histories and Plays.
When I reprov'd him anes, — a Book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on Braes I crack with Kings.

Sir W I L L.

HE answer'd well, and much ye glad my Ear,
When such Accounts I of my Shepherd hear:
Reading such Books can raise a Peasant's Mind,
Above a Lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

S Y M O N.

WHAT ken we better, that sae findle look,
Except on rainy *Sundays* on a Book:
When we a Leaf or twa, haf read, haf spell,
'Till a' the rest sleep round as well's our sell?

Sir

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Sir W I L L.

WELL jested *Symon*;—but one Question more,
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.

The Youth's arriv'd the Age when little Loves
Flighter around young Hearts like cooing Doves;
Has no young Lassie with inviting Mein,
And rosie Cheek, the Wonder of the Green,
Engag'd his Look, and caught his youthful Heart?

S Y M O N.

I fear'd the warst, but kend the smallest Part,
Till late I saw him twa three Times mair sweet,
With *Glaud's* fair Niece than I thought right or meet:
I had my Fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like your self your Son will soon appear.
A Gentleman enrich'd with all these Charms,
May bless the fairest best born Lady's Arms.

Sir W I L L.

THIS Night must end his unambitious Fire,
When higher Views shall greater Thoughts inspire.
Go, *Symon*, bring him quickly here to me,
None but your self shall our first Meeting see.
Yonder's my Horse and Servants nigh at Hand,
They come just at the Time I gave Command;
Straight in my own Apparel I'll go dress;
Now ye the Secret may to all confess.

S Y M O N.

WITH how much Joy I on this Errand flee,
There's nane can know, that, is not downright me.

Exit Symon

Sir

Sir WILL. solus.

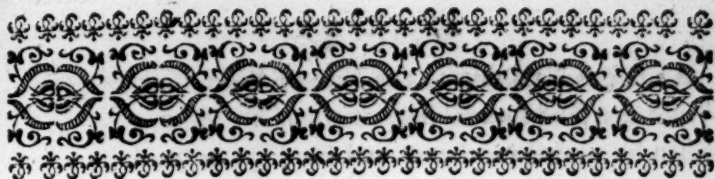
WHEN the Event of Hopes successfully appears,
 One happy Hour cancels the Toil of Years.
 A thousand Toils are lost in *Lethe's* Stream,
 And Cares evanish like a Morning Dream;
 When wish'd for Pleasures rise like Morning Light,
 The Pain that's past enhances the Delight.
 These Joys I feel that Words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known without my late Distress.

BUT from his rustick Business and Love,
 I must in haste my *Patrick* soon remove,
 To Courts and Camps that may his Soul improve:
 Like the rough Diamond, as it leaves the Mine,
 Only in little Breakings shews its Light,
 Till artful Polishing has made it shine:
 Thus Education makes the Genius bright.

End of the Third ACT.**ACT**

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ACT IV. SCENE. I.

*The Scene describ'd in former Page,
Glaud's Onset.— Enter Mause and Madge.*

M A U S E.

O UR Laird's come hame! and owns young *Pate* his Heir;
That's News* indeed! —————

M A D G E.

————— As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing all in *Symon's* Yard,
Sir *William* like a Warlock, with a Beard,
Five Nives in length, and white as driven Snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco Look,
While frae his Poutch he whirl'd forth a Book:
As we stood round about him on the Green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on *Pate* his Een;
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his Pains and Skill wad naething hae.

M A U S E.

THEN sure the Lasses, and ilk gaping Coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their Loof.

G

MADGE

M A D G E.

As fast as Flaes skip to the Tate of Woo,
 Whilk flee Tod *Lawrie* hads without his Mow,
 When he to drown them, and his Hips to cool,
 In Summer days slides backward in a Pool:
 In short he did for *Pate* braw Things foretell,
 Without the Help of conjuring or Spell:
 At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
 Pow'd aff his Beard to *Symon*, *Symon* knew
 His welcome Master;— round his Knees he gat,
 Hang at his Coat, and syne for Blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for— happy Lad is he!
Symon tald *Elspa*, *Elspa* tald it me:
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret Story soon;
 And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no sae meikle as to *Pate* himsell.
 Our *Meg*, poor Thing, alake! has lost her Jo.

M A U S E.

It may be sae, wha kens? and may be no.
 To list a Love that's rooted, is great Pain:
 Even Kings has tane a Queen out of the Plain,
 And what has been before may be again.

M A D G E.

Sic Nonsense! Love tak Root but Tocher-good,
 'Tween a Herd's Bairn, and ane of gentle Blood:
 Sic Fashions in King *BRUCE*'s Days might be:
 But siccan Ferlies now we never see.

MAUSE;

MAUSE.

GIF *Pate* forsakes her, *Bauldy* she may gain,
Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain,
Nae Doubt he thinks that *Peggy's* now his ain.

MADGE.

HE get her! slavinging Doof! It sets him well
To yoke a Plough where *Patrick* thought to teil;
Gif I were *Meg*, I'd let young Master see—

MAUSE.

YE'D be as dorry in your Choice as he.
And so wad I: But whisht, here *Bauldy* comes.

Enter Bauldy singing.

JENNY said to *Jocky*, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my sell;
Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow sae,——Lasses will come to at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their Snaw-baws cast.

MAUSE.

WELL *Bauldy*, how gaes a' ?———

BAULDY.

——— Faith unco right:
I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this Night.

MADGE.

AND wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask?

BAULDY.

To find out that is nae difficult Task.
 Poor bonny PEGGY, wha maun think nae mair
 On *Pate* turn'd PATRICK and Sir WILLIAM's Heir.
 Now, now, good *Madge*, and honest *Mause* stand be,
 While *Meg's* in Dumps, put in a Word for me.
 I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* could prove:
 Less wilful, and ay constant in my Love.

MADGE.

As *Neps* can witness, and the bushy Thorn,
 Where mony a Time to her your Heart was sworn;
 Fy, *Bauldy*! blush, and Vows of Love regard;
 What other Lass will throw a mansworn Herd?
 The Curse of Heaven hings ay aboon their Heads,
 That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' Deeds.
 I'll ne'er advise my Niece sae gray a Gate,
 Nor will she be advis'd, fou well I wate.

BAULDY.

SAE gray a gate! Mansworn! and a' the rest;
 Ye leed, *auld Roudes*,— and in Faith had best
 Eat in your Words, else I shall gar ye stand
 With a het Face afore the haly Band.

MADGE.

YE'LL gar me stand! ye sheveling gabbit Brock;
 Speak that again, and, trembling, dread my Rock,
 And Ten sharp Nails, that when my Hands are in,
 Can flyp the Skin o'ye'r Cheeks out owre your Chin.

BAULDY.

I tak ye Witness, *Mause*, ye heard her say,
 That I'm mansworn,— I winna let it gae.

MADGE.

M A D G E.

YE'RE Witness too, he ca'd me bonny Names,
And should be serv'd as his good Breeding claims.

Ye filthy Dog! —————

*Flies to his Hair like a Fury:— A stout Battle;
—Maufe endeavours to redd them.*

M A U S E.

LET gang your Grips, fy *Madge*! howt, *Bauldy*, leen,
I wadna with this *Tuilzie* had been seen;

'Tis sae daft like —————

*Bauldy gets out of Madge's Clutches
with a bleeding Nose.*

M A D G E.

————— 'Tis daster like to thole

An Ether-cap, like him, to blaw the Coal.

It sets him well, with vile unscrapit Tongue;

To cast up whether I be auld or young.

They're aulder yet than I have married been,

And or they died their Bairn's Bairns have seen.

M A U S E.

THAT's true; and, *Bauldy*, ye was far to blame;
To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain christen'd Name.

B A U L D Y.

My Luggs, my Nose, and Nodde finds the same.

M A D G E.

AULD Roudes, Filthy Fallow, I shall auld ye.

M A U S E.

Howt no;— ye'll e'en be Friends with honest *Bauldy*;
Come, come, shake Hands; this maun nae farder gae:

Ye maun forgie 'm; I see the Lad looks wae.

BAULDY.

IN troth now, *Mause*, I have at *Madge* nae Spite:
But she abusing first was a' the Wyte
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
My Pardon first, and shall Acquittance have.

MADGE.

I crave your Pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet,
'And own your Faut' to her that ye wad cheat.
Gae, or be blasted in your Health and Gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.
Vow and loup back! — Was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith tak him, Deil, he's owre lang out of Hell.

BAULDY *running off.*

HIS Presence be about us! Curst were he,
That were condemn'd for Life to live with thee.

Exit Bauldy.

MADGE *laughing.*

I think I have towzled his Harigals a wee;
He'll no soon grein to tell his Love to me.
He's but a Rascal that wad mint to serve
A Lassie sae he does but ill deserve.

MAUSE.

YE rowin'd him tightly, — I commend ye for't,
His bleeding Snout gae me nae little Sport;
For this Forenoon he had that Scant of Grace,
And Breeding baith — to tell me to my Face,
He hop'd I was a *Witch*, and wad na stand
To lend him in this Case my helping Hand.

MADGE.

M A D G E.

A Witch! — How had ye Patience this to bear,
And leave him Een to see, or Lugs to hear?

M A U S E.

AULD wither'd Hands, and feeble Joints like mine,
Obliges Fouk Resentment to decline,
Till aft 'tis seen, when Vigour fails, then we
With Cunning, can the Lake of Pith supplie.
Thus I pat aft Revenge till it was dark,
Syn e bad him come, and we shou'd gang to Wark:
I'm sure he'll keep his Triste; and I came here
To seek your Help, that we the Fool may Fear.

M A D G E.

AND special Sport we'll have, as I protest;
Ye'll be the Witch, and I shall play the Ghast.
A Linen-sheet won'd round me like ane dead;
I'll cawk my Face, and grane and shake my Head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a Lassie wrang.

M A U S E.

THEN let us go; for see, 'tis hard on Night;
The Westlin Cloud shines red with setting Light.

Exeunt.



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE II.

*When Birds begin to nod upon the Bough,
And the green Swaird grows damp with falling Dew;
While good Sir William is to Rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepheard tenderly inspir'd,
Walks through the Broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewell.*

R O G E R.

WOW but I'm cadgie, and my Heart louns light;
O! Mr. Patrick, ay your Thoughts were right.
Sure gentle Fouk are farer seen than we,
That naithing ha'e to brag of Pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha' brake my Heart this Morn,
Is perfect yielding, — sweet, — and nae mair Scorn.
I spake my Mind, — she heard, — I spake again,
She smil'd, — I kifs'd, — I wood, nor wood in vain.

P A T I E.

I'm glad to hear't: — But O! my Change this Day
Heaves up my Joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a Father gently kind as brave,
And ane Estate that lifts me boon the 'lave.
With Looks all Kindness, Words that Love confest,
He all the Father to my Soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly Breast.

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Act IV. *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD. 69

Such were the Eyes, he said, thus smil'd the Mouth
Of thy lov'd Mother, Blessing of my Youth!
Who set too soon! — And while he Praise bestow'd,
Adown his graceful Cheek a Torrent flow'd.
My new born Joys, and this his tender Tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my Thoughts prevail;
That speechless lang, my late kend Sire I view'd,
While gushing Tears my panting Breast bedew'd.
Unusual Transports made my Head turn round,
Whilst I my self with rising Raptures found
The happy Son of ane sae much renown'd.
But he has heard — too faithful *Symon's* Fear
Has brought my Love for *Peggy* to his Ear;
Which he forbids, — ah! this confounds my Peace,
While thus to beat my Heart must sooner cease.

R O G E R.

How to advise ye, troth I'm at a Stand:
But were't my Case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

P A T I E.

DUTY and hasten Reason plead his Cause:
But what cares Love for Reason, Rules and Laws?
Still in my Heart my Sheperdess excells,
And Part of my new Happiness repells.

Or sung as follows. S A N G XV. *Kirk wad let me be:*

*Duty and Part of Reason
Plead strong on the Parents Side,
Which Love Superior calls Treason;
The strongest must be obey'd:*

*For now tho' I'm one of the Gentry,
My Constancy Falshood repells;
For Change in my Heart is no Entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excells.*

ROGER.

ENJOY them baith; — Sir *William* will be won:
Your *Peggy's* bonny, — you're his only Son.

PATIE.

SHE's mine by Vows, and stronger Ties of Love,
And frae these Bands nae Change my Mind shall move,
I'll wed nane else, through Life I will be true;
But still Obedience is a Parent's Due.

ROGER.

Is not our Master and your fell to stay
Amang us here, — or are ye gawn away
To *London* Court, or iither far aff Parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken Hearts?

PATIE.

To *Edinburgh* straight, Tomorrow we advance,
To *London* neist, and afterwards to *France*,
Where I must stay some Years, and learn — to dance,
And twa three other Monky-tricks: — That done,
I come hame strutting in my Red-heel'd Shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted Thing's dull Slave,
For some few Bags of Cash, that I wate weel,
I nae mair need nor Carts do a third Wheel:
But *Peggy*, dearer to me than my Breath,
Sooner than hear sic News, shall hear my Death.

R O.

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R O G E R.

THEY *wha have just enough can soundly sleep,*
The Owrecome only fashes Fowk to keep. —

Good Mr. *Patrick*, tak your ain Tale hame.

P A T I E.

WHAT was my Morning Thought, at Night's the same:
The Poor and Rich but differ in the Name.

CONTENT's the greatest Bless we can procure
Frae 'boon the Lift. — Without it Kings are poor.

R O G E R.

BUT an Estate, like yours, yields braw Content,
When we but pike it scanty on the Bent :

Fine Claiths, saft Beds, sweet Houses and red Wine,
Good Chear, and witty Friends, whene'er ye dine,
Obeyfant Servants, Honour, Wealth and Ease;
Wha's no content with these are ill to please.

P A T I E.

SAE *Roger* thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
But mony a Cloud hings hovering o'er their Bliss:
The Passions rule the Roast; — and, if they're four,
Like the lean Ky, they'll soon the Fat devour.
The Spleen, tint Honour, and affronted Pride,
Stang like the sharpest Goads in Gentry's Side.
The Gouts and Gravels, and the Ill Disease,
Are frequentest with Fowk owrelaid with Ease;
While o'er the Muir, the Shepherd with less Care,
Enjoys his sober Wish, and halefome Air.

R o-

R O G E R.

LORD Man, I wonder ay, and it delights
My Heart, whene'er I hearken to your Flights.
How gat ye a' that Sense I fain wad lear,
That I may easier Disappointments bear.

P A T I E.

FRAE Books, the Wale of Books, I gat some Skill,
These best can teach what's real Good and Ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk Year to ware some Stanes of Cheesc,
To gain these silent Friends that ever please.

R O G E R.

I'LL do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy:
Faith I've hae Books, tho' I should sell my Ky:
But now, let's hear how you're design'd to move
Between Sir *William's* Will and *Peggy's* Love.

P A T I E.

THEN here it lyes, — his Will maun be obey'd,
My Vows I'll keep, and she shall be my Bride:
But I sometime this last Design maun hide.
Keep you the Secret close, and leave me here,
I sent for *Peggy*; yonder comes my Dear.

R O G E R.

I PLEAS'D that ye trust me with the Secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the Deels defy.

*Exit Roger.*P A T I E *solus.*

WITH what a Struggle must I now impart
My Father's Will to her that hads my Heart!

I

ACT IV. *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.* 73

I ken she loves, and her fast Soul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated Brink
Of Disappointment — Heaven, support my Fair,
And let her Comfort claim your tender Care.
Her Eyes are red —————

Enter Peggy.

————— My Peggy, why in Tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae Room for Fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a Shepherd; yet I'm thine.

P E G G Y.

I dare not think sae high: I now repine
At the unhappy Chance, that made not me
A gentle Match, or still a Herd kept thee.
Wha can, withouten Pain, see frae the Coast
The Ship that bears his All like to be lost;
Like to be carried by some Rever's Hand,
Far frae his Wishes to some distant Land?

P A T I E.

NE'ER quarrel Fate, whilst it with me remains,
To raise thee up, or still attend these Plains.
My Father has forbid our Loves I own:
But Love's superior to a Parent's Frown.
I Falshood hate: Come kiss thy Cares away;
I ken to love, as well as to obey.
Sir William's generous, leave the Task to me,
To make strict Duty and true Love agree.

P E G G Y.

SPEAK ON! — speak ever thus, and still my Grief,
But short I dare to hope the fond Relief.

H

New

New Thoughts a gentler Face will soon inspire,
 That with nice Air swims round in Silk Attire;
 Then I, poor me! — with Sighs may ban my Fate,
 When the young Laird's nae mair my hartsome *Pate*:
 Nae mair again to hear sweet Tales exprest,
 By the blyth Shepherd that excell'd the rest:
 Nae mair be envy'd by the tatling Gang,
 When *Patie* kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang:
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the Meadow play!
 And rin haft-breathless round the Rucks of Hay,
 As astitmes I have fled from thee right fain,
 And fawn on Purpose that I might be tane.
 Nae mair around the *Foggy Know* I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my Vow — 'twill help to give me Ease,
 May sudden Death, or deadly fair Discase,
 And warst of Ills attend my wretched Life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a Wife.

Or sung as follows, S A N G XVI. *Woes my Heart that
 we shou'd sunder.*

*Speak on, — speak thus, and still my Grief,
 Hold up a Heart that's sinking under
 These Fears, that soon will want Relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder:
 'A gentler Face and Silk-attire,
 A Lady rich in Beauty's Blossom,
 'Alake poor me! will now conspire,
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's Bosom.*

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*No more the Shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose Wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's Praises tell,
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye Meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye Banks where we were wont to wander.
Sweet scented Rucks round which we play'd,
You'll lose your Sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the Know with silent Duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly Beauty?
Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering Lover,
Throw Life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a Wife to any other.*

P A T I E.

*SURE Heaven approves; — and be assur'd of me;
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:
And Time, tho' Time maun interpose a While,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this Isle;
Yet Time, nor Distance, nor the fairest Face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy Place.
I'd hate my rising Fortune, should it move
The fair Foundation of our faithful Love.
If at my Foot were Crowns and Scepters laid,
To bribe my Soul frae thee, delightful Maid;
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior Things
To sic as have the Patience to be Kings.
Wherefore that Tear? believe, and calm thy Mind.*

P E G G Y.

I greet for Joy to hear thy Words sae kind.
 When Hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk Despair,
 Made me think Life was little worth my Care,
 My Heart was like to burst: But now I see
 Thy generous Thoughts will save thy Love for me.
 With Patience then, I'll wait each wheeling Year,
 Hope Time away till thou with Joy appear.
 And all the while I'll study gentler Charms,
 To make me fitter for my Traveller's Arms.
 I'll gain on Uncle Gland; — he's far frae Fool,
 And will not grudge to put me throw ilk School,
 Where I may Manners learn —————

Or sung as follows, S A N G XVII. *Tweed-side*

*When Hope was quite sunk in Despair,
 My Heart it was going to break;
 My Life appear'd worthless my Care,
 But now I will sav't for thy Sake.
 Where'er my Love travels by Day,
 Wherever he lodges by Night,
 With me his dear Image shall stay,
 And my Soul keep him e'er in Sight.*

*With Patience I'll wait the long Year,
 And study the gentlest Charms;
 Hope Time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in those Arms.
 Whilst thou was a Shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher Degree in this Life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a Height is becoming thy Wife.*

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*For Beauty that's only Skin deep,
Must fade like the Gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a Decay.
Nor Age, nor the Changes of Life,
Can quench the fair Fire of Love.
If Virtue's ingrain'd in the Wife,
And the Husband have Sense to approve.*

P A T I E.

———— That's wisely said,
And what your Uncle wares shall be well paid.
Tho' without a' the little Helps of Art,
Thy native Sweets might gain a Prince's Heart;
Yet now, lest in our Station we offend,
We must learn Modes to Innocence unkend;
Affect oft-times to like the Thing we hate,
And drap Serenity to keep up State:
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say;
And, for the Fashion, when we're blyth seem wae:
Pay Compliments to them we oft have scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their Backs are turn'd.

P E G G Y.

If this is Gentry, I had rather be
What I am still; — but I'll be ought with thee.

P A T I E.

No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
With Gentry's Apes; for still amongst the best,
Good Manners give Integrity a Bleeze,
When native Virtues join the Arts to please.

P E G G Y.

SINCE with nae Hazard, and sae small Expence,
 My Lad frae Books can gather siccan Sense;
 Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous Sea,
 Endanger thy dear Life, and frighten me?
 Sir *William's* cruel, that wad force his Son,
 For Watna-whats, sae great a Risk to run.

P A T I E.

THERE is nae Doubt, but Travelling does improve,
 Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my Love:
 But soon as I've shook aff my Landwart Cast
 In foreign Cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

P E G G Y.

WITH every setting Day, and rising Morn,
 I'll kneel to Heaven, and ask thy safe Return.
 Under that Tree, and on the Suckler Brae,
 Where aft we wont, when Bairns, to run and play;
 And to the *Hissel Shaw*, where first ye vow'd
 Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
 I'll aften gang, and tell the Trees and Flowers,
 With Joy, that they'll bear Witness I am yours.

Or sung as follows. SANG XVIII. Bush aboon *Traquair*.

*At setting Day and rising Morn,
 With Soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heaven thy safe Return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the Birken-bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me,
 Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,
 Whilst round thou didst ensfold me.*

To all our Haunts I will repair,
 By Greenwood-shaw or Fountain;
 Or where the Summer-day I'd share
 With thee, upon yon Mountain.
 There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,
 From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours
 A Heart which cannot wander.

P A T I E.

My Dear, allow me, frae thy Temples fair,
 A shining Ringlet of thy flowing Hair;
 Which, as a Sample of each lovely Charm,
 I'll often kiss, and wear about my Arm.

P E G G Y.

WER'T in my Power with better Boons to please,
 I'd give the best I could with the same Ease;
 Nor wad I, if thy Luck had fallen to me,
 Been in ae Jot less generous to thee.

P A T I E.

I doubt it not, but since we've little Time,
 To ware't on Words, wad border on a Crime:
 Love's sifter Meaning better is exprest,
 When 'tis with Kisses on the Heart imprest.

Exeunt.

End of the Fourth ACT.

Act



ACT V. SCENE I.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like an posselt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly Rest:
Bare leg'd, with Night-cap, and unbutton'd Coat,
See the auld Man comes forward to the Sot.*

SYMON.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early Hour,
While drousy Sleep keeps a' benath its Power?
Far to the North the scant approaching Light
Stands equal 'twixt the Morning and the Night.
What gars ye shake and glowre, and look sae wan?
Your Teeth they chitter, Hair like Bristles stand.

BAULDY.

O len me soon some Water, Milk or Ale,
My Head's grown giddy, — Legs with shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at Night my lane;
Alake! I'll never be my sell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon, O Symon! O!

Symon gives him a Drink.

SYMON.

WHAT ails thee, Gowk! — to make sae loud ado?

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You've wak'd Sir *William*, he has left his Bed,
He comes, I fear ill pleas'd; I hear his Tred.

Enter Sir William.

Sir WILL.

How goes the Night? Does Day-light yet appear?
Symon, your very timeously after.

S Y M O N.

I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your Rest;
But some strange Thing has *Bauldy's* Sp'rit oppress'd,
He's seen some *Witch*, or wrestl'd with a Ghaist.

B A U L D Y.

O ay, — dear Sir, in Troth 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my Complaint to you.

Sir WILL. smiling.

I lang to hear't. —————

B A U L D Y.

————— Ah! Sir, the Witch caw'd *Mause*,
That wins aboon the Mill amang the Haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her Art,
To gain a bonny thrawart Laffie's Heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this Night,
But may nae Friend of mine get sic a Fright!
For the curs'd Hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very Thought o't's like to freeze my Blood!)
Rais'd up a Ghaist or Deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead Corse, in Sheet as white as Milk.
Black Hands it had, and Face as wan as Death;
Upon me fast the *Witch* and it fell baith.

And

And gat me down, while I like a great Fool,
 Was laboured as I wont to be at School :
 My Heart out of its Hool was like to lowp ;
 I pithless grew with Fear, and had nae Hope,
 Till with an elritch Laugh they vanish'd quite ;
 Syne I, haf dead with Anger, Fear and Spite,
 Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your Help, to gi'e the Deel his Due.
 I'm sure my Heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat Tar-barrel *Mause* be burnt.

Sir W I L L.

WELL, *Bauldy*, what e'er's just shall granted be,
 Let *Mause* be brought this Morning down to me.

B A U L D Y.

THANKS to your *Honour*, soon shall I obey ;
 But first I'll *Roger* raise, and twa three mae,
 To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
 And cast her Cantraips that bring up the Deel.

Exit Bauldy.

Sir W I L L.

TROTH Symon, *Bauldy*'s more afraid than hurt,
 The Witch and Ghast have made themselves good Sport.
 What silly Notions crowd the clouded Mind,
 That is throw Want of Education blind!

S Y M O N

BUT does your *Honour* think there's nae sic Thing,
 As Witches raising Deels up through a Ring ;
 Syne playing Tricks? a thousand I cou'd tell,
 Cou'd never be contriv'd on this Side Hell.

Sir

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Sir WILL.

SUCH as the Devil's dancing in a Moor,
Amongst a few old Women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er Braes and Bogs, with Candles in his Dowp,
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd Cow,
Aft times like *Bawty*, *Badrans*, or a *Sow*;
Then with his Train throw airy Paths to glide,
While they on Cats, or Clowns, or Broomstaffs ride;
Or in the Egg-shell skim out o'r the Main,
To drink their Leader's Health in *France* or *Spain*;
Then aft by Night, bumbaze Hare-hearted Fools,
By tumbling down their Cup-board, Chairs and Stools:
What e'er's in Spells, or if there Witches be,
Such Whinifies seem the most absurd to me.

SYMON.

'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a Witch
Had either meikle Sense, or yet was rich:
But *Mause*, tho' poor, is a sagacious Wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest Life.
That gars me think this Hobbleshew that's past
Will land in naithing but a Joke at last.

Sir WILL.

I'm sure it will;— but see increasing Light;
Commands the Imps of Darkness down to Night;
Bid raise my Servants, and my Horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the Morning Air.

SANG

S4 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD. ACT IV.*

S A N G XIX. Bony gray ey'd Morn.

*The bony gray ey'd Morning begins to peep,
And Darknefs flies before the rising Ray,
The hearty Hynd starts from his lazy Sleep,
To follow healthful Labours of the Day,
Without a guilty Sting to wrinkle his Brow;
The Lark and the Linnet tend his Levee,
And he joins their Concert, driving his Plow,
From Toil of Grimace and Pageantry free.*

*While fluster'd with Wine, or madden'd with Loss,
Of half an Estate, the Prey of a Main,
The Drunkard and Gamester tumble and tofs,
Wishing for Calmness and Slumber in vain.
Be my Portion Health and Quietness of Mind,
Plac'd at due Distance from Parties and State,
Where neither Ambition nor Avarice blind,
Reach him who has Happiness link'd to his Fate.*

Exeunt.



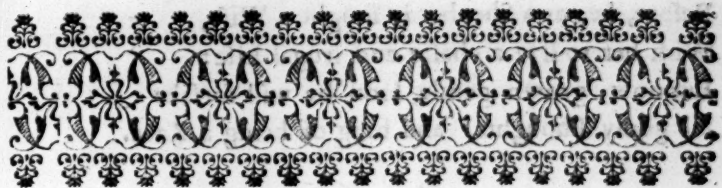
ACT



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ACT V. SCENE II.

*While Peggy laces up her Bosom fair,
With a blew Snood Jenny binds up her Hair;
Glaud by his Morning Ingle takes a Beek;
The rising Sun shines mottly throw the Reek,
A Pipe his Mouth, the Lasses please his Een,
And now and then his Joke maun interveen.*

GLAUD.

I Wish, my Bairns, it may keep fair till Night;
Ye do not use sae soon to see the Light;
Nae Doubt now ye intend to mix the Thrang,
To take your Leave of *Patrick* or he gang:
But do you think, that now when he's a Laird,
That he poor Landwart Lasses will regard?

JENNY.

Tho' he's young Master now, I'm very sure,
He has mair Sense than slight auld Friends tho' poor;
But Yesterday he gae us mony a Tug, ||
And kifs'd my Cusin there frae Lug to Lug.

GLAUD.

Ay, ay, nae Doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be advis'd, his Company refrain:

I

Before

Before, he, as a Shepherd, sought a Wife,
With her to live a chaste and frugal Life:
But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly Thoughts, and brag of being a Rake.

P E G G Y.

A Rake! what's that?—Sure if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't, else I have tint my Skill.

G L A U D.

DAFT Lassie, ye ken nought of the Affair,
Ane young, and good, and gentle's unco rare:
A Rake's a graceless Spark, that thinks nae Shame,
To do what like of us thinks Sin to name.
Sic are sae void of Shame, they'll never stap,
To brag how aften they have had the Clap.
They'll tempt young Things like you, with Youdith flush'd,
Syne mak ye a' their Jest, when ye're debauch'd.
Be warry then, I say, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or board with sic as he.

P E G G Y.

SIR *William's* vertuous, and of gentle Blood;
And may not *Patrick* too like him be good?

G L A U D.

THAT's true, and mony Gentry mae than he; }
As they are wiser, better are than we;
But thinner sawn: They're sae puft up with Pride, }
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly Guide,
That shaws the Gate to Heaven.— I've heard my sell,
Some of them laugh at Doom's-day, Sin and Hell.

JEN.

J E N N Y.

WATCH o'er us, Father! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a Doom's-day, doubts a God.

G L A U D.

DOUBT! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think;
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink.
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That *Patrick* to sic Gaits will e'er be brought.

P E G G Y.

THE LORD forbid!—Na, he kens better Things:
But here comes Aunt, her Face some ferly brings.
Enter Madge.

M A D G E.

HASTE, haste ye, we're a' sent for owre the Gate,
To hear and help to redd some odd Debate
'Tween *Mause* and *Bauldy*, 'bout some Witchcraft Spell,
At *Symon's* House, the Knight sits Judge himsel.

G L A U D.

LEND me my Staff—*Madge*, lock the Outer door,
And bring the Lassies wi'ye, I'll step before.

Exit Glaud.

M A D G E.

POOR *Meg*!—Look *Jenny*, was the like e'er seen,
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her Een?
This Day her brankan Wooer takes his Horse,
To strute a gentle Spark at *Edinburgh* Cross;
To change his Kent, cut frae the branchy Plain,
For a nice Sword, and glancing headed Cane;
To leave his Ram-horn Spoons, and kitted Whey,
For gentler Tea, that smells like new won Hay:

To leave the Green-sward Dance, when we gae milk,
To ruffle among the Beauties clad in Silk.
But *Meg*, poor *Meg*! maun with the Shepherds stay,
And tak yhat God will send in Hodden-gray.

P E G G Y.

DEAR Aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your Scorn?
That's no my Faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the Daughter of some Laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd *Patie* on the Green.
Now since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's made for another he'll ne'er be mine;
And then the like has been, if the Decree
Designs him mine, I yet his Wife may be.

M A D G E.

A bonny Story trowth!— but we delay;
Prin up your Aprons baith, and come away.

Exeunt.

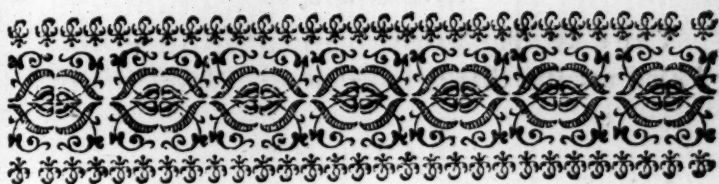


ACT



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ACT V. SCENE. III.

*Sir William fills the Two arm'd Chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Maufe
Attend, and, with loud Laughter, hear
Dast Bauldy bluntly plead his Cause:
For now 'tis sell'd him that the Tax
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Because he brak good Breeding's Laws,
And, with his Nonsense, rais'd their Rage.*

Sir WILL.

AND was that all? Well, Bauldy, ye was serv'd
No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
Was it so small a Matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest Woman's Name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By Perjury an innocent young Maid.

BAULDY.

SIR, I confess my Fault thro' a' the Steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Nepe.

I 3

MAUSE.

M A U S E.

THUS far, Sir, he oblig'd me on [the Score,
I kend not that they thought me sic before.

B A U L D Y.

AN'T like your *Honour*, I believ'd it well;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the Deel;
Yet with your *Honour's* Leave, tho' she's nae Witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengfu —————
And that my *Some-place* finds; — but I had best
Had in my Tongue, for yonder comes the *Ghaist*,
And the young bonny *Witch*, whase rosie Cheek,
Sent me, without my Wit, the Deel to seek.

Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.

Sir W I L L. looking at Peggy.

WHOSE Daughter's she that wears th' *Aurora* Gown,
With Face so fair, and Locks a lovely Brown?
How sparkling are her Eyes! what's this I find?
The Girle brings all my Sister to my Mind.
Such were the Features once adorn'd a Face,
Which Death too soon depriv'd of sweetest Grace.
Is this your Daughter, *Gland*? —————

G L A U D.

————— Sir, she's my Niece, —
And yet she's not: — But I should had my Peace.

Sir W I L L.

THIS is a Contradiction. What d' ye mean?
She is, and is not! pray thee, *Gland*, explain!

GLAUD.

G L A U D.

BECAUSE, I doubt, if I should make appear
What I have kept a Secret thirteen Year.

M A U S E.

YOU may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir W I L L.

SPEAK soon, I'm all Impatience! —

P A T I E.

————— So am I!
For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

G L A U D.

THEN, since my Master orders, I obey. —
This BONNY FUNDLING at clear Morn of *May*,
Close by the Lee-side of my Door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In Infant-weeds of rich and gentle Make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, warse than Brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to Air
Sae much of Innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me,
Only about twa Towmonds auld to be,
I took her in my Arms, the Bairny smil'd,
With sic a Look wad made a Savage mild.
I hid the Story; she has past sincelyne,
As a poor Orphan, and a Nicce of mine;
Nor do I rue my Care about the Wean,
For she's well worth the Pains that I have tan;
Ye see she's bonny, I can swear she's good,
And am right sure she's come of gentle Blood;

Of whom I kenna, — naithing ken I mair,
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir WILL.

THIS Tale seems strange! —————

PATIE.

————— The Tale delights my Ear!

Sir WILL.

COMMAND your Joys, young Man, till Truth appear.

MAUSE.

THAT be my Task; — now, Sir, bid all be hush,
Peggy may smile — thou hast no Cause to blush.
Long have I wish'd to see this happy Day,
That I might safely to the Truth give Way;
That I may now Sir *William Worthy* name,
The best and nearest Friend that she can claim.
He saw't at first, and, with quick Eye did trace,
His Sister's Beauty in her Daughter's Face.

Sir WILL.

OLD Woman, do not rave, — prove what you say;
Tis dangerous in Affairs like this to play.

PATIE.

WHAT Reason, Sir, can an old Woman have,
To tell a Lie, when she's sae near her Grave?
But how, or why, it should be Truth, I grant,
I every Thing, looks like a Reason, want.

OMNES.

THE Story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

Sir W I L L.

MAK haste, good Woman, and resolve each Doubt.

*Mause goes forward, leading
Peggy to Sir William.*

M A U S E.

SIR, view me well, has Fifteen Years so plow'd,
A wrinkled Face that you have often view'd.
That here I as an unknown Stranger stand,
Who nurs't her Mother that now holds my Hand?
Yet stronger Proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir W I L L.

HA, honest Nurse! where were my Eyes before?
I know thy Faithfulness, and need no more;
Yet, from the Lab'rinth, to lead out my Mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

*Sir William embraces Peggy,
and makes her sit by him.*

YES surely thou'rt my Niece, Truth must prevail:
But no more Words till *Mause* relate her Tale.

P A T I E.

GOOD Nurse, go on, nae Musick's haff sae fine,
Or can give Pleasure like these Words of thine.

M A U S E.

THEN it was I that sav'd her Infant-life,
Her Death being threatned by an Uncle's Wife:
The Story's lang, but I the Secret knew;
How they pursu'd, with avaritious View,
Her rich Estate, of which they're now posselt;
All this to me a Confident confest.

I heard with Horror, and with trembling Dread,
 They'd smoor the sakeless Orphan in her Bed.
 That very Night, when all were sunk in Rest,
 At Midnight Hour, the Floor I softly prest;
 And staw the sleeping Innocent away,
 With whom I travell'd some few Miles ere Day.
 All Day I hid me, — when the Day was done,
 I kept my Journey, lighted by the Moon,
 Till Eastward fifty Miles I reach'd these Plains,
 Where needful Plenty glades your chearful Swains.
 Then Fear of being found out, I to secure
 My *Charge*, e'en laid her at this Shepherd's Door.
 And took a neighbouring Cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
 Here, honest *Glaud* himsell, and *Symon* may
 Remember well, how I that very Day,
 Frae *Roger's* Father took my little Crove.

GLAUD, with Tears of Joy happing down his Beard.

I well remember't: *LORD* reward your Love.
 Lang have I wish'd for this; for aft I thought,
 Sic Knowledge sometime should about be broucht.

P A T I E.

'Tis now a Crime to doubt; — my Joys are full,
 With due Obedience to my Parent's Will.
 Sir, with paternal Love, survey her Charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her Arms:
 She's mine by Vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
 Have been my Wife, when I my Vows durst own.

Sir

Sir WILL.

My Niece, my Daughter, welcome to my Care,
Sweet Image of thy Mother, good and fair,
Equal with *Patrick*; now my greatest Aim,
Shall be to aid your Joys, and well match'd Flame.
My Boy, receive her from your Father's Hand,
With as good Will as either would demand.

*Patie and Peggy embrace,
and kneel to Sir William.*

PATIE.

WITH as much Joy this Blessing I receive,
As ane wad Life, that's sinking in a Wave.

Sir WILL. raises them.

I give you both my Blessing; may your Love
Produce a happy Race, and still improve.

PEGGY.

My Wishes are complete, — my Joys arise,
While I'm haff dizzy with the blest Surprise.
And am I then a Match for my ain Lad,
That for me so much generous Kindness had?
Lang may *Sir William* bless these happy Plains,
Happy, while Heaven grant he on them remains.

PATIE.

BE lang our Guardian, still our Master be;
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:
The Estate be yours, my *Peggy's* ane to me.

3

GLAUD.

I hope your Honour now will take Amends
Of them that fought her Life for wicked Ends.

Sir

Sir

Sir WILL.

THE base unnatural Villain soon shall know,
That Eyes above watch the Affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got Gains.

PEGGY.

To me the Views of Wealth, and an Estate,
Seem light, when put in Balance with my Pate:
For his sake only, I'll ay thankful bow
For such a Kindness, best of Men, to you.

SYMON.

WHAT double Blythness wakens up this Day!
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away?
Shall I untadle your Horse, and gar prepare
A Dinner for ye of hale Country Fare?
See how much Joy unwrinkles every Brow
Our Looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even *Bauldy* the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell *Madge's* Taz, and pawky *Mause's* Plot.

Sir WILL.

KINDLY old Man, — remain with you this Day!
I never from these Fields again will stray;
Masons and *Wrights* shall soon my House repair,
And busy *Gardners* shall new Planting rear:
My Father's hearty Table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best Friends rejoice with me.

SYMON.

THAT's the best News I heard this twenty Year,
New Day breaks up, rough Times begin to clear.

GLAUD.

G L A U D.

GOD save the King, and save Sir *William* lang,
T'enjoy their ain, and raise the Shepherd's Sang.

R O G E R.

WHA winna dance? wha will refuse to sing?
What Shepherd's Whistle winna lilt the Spring?

B A U L D Y.

I'M Friends with *Mause*, --- with very *Madge* I'm 'greed,
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleed.
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live*.

M A D G E.

LANG may he live; — and, *Bauldy*, learn to steek
Your Gab a wee, and think before ye speak,
And never ca' her auld that wants a Man,
Else ye may yet some Witch's Fingers ban.
This Day I'll with the youngest of ye rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the Aunt
Of our young Lady, — my dear bonny Baira!

P E G G Y.

No other Name I'll ever for you learn —
And, my good Nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchless Kindness done for me!

M A U S E.

THE flowing Pleasures of this happy Day,
Does fully all I can require repay.

K

Sir

Sir WILL.

To faithful *Symon*, and kind *Glaud*, to you,
 'And to your Heirs I give in endless Feu,
 The Mailens-ye possesse, as justly due
 For acting like kind Fathers to the Pair,
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my House, in Calmness close your Days,
 With nought to do but sing your Maker's Praise.

OMNES.

THE LORD of Heaven return your Honour's Love,
 Confirm your Joys, and a' your Blessings roove.

PATIE presenting *Roger* to *Sir Will.*

SIR, here's my trusty Friend, that always shar'd
 My Bosom Secrets ere I was a Laird.
Glaud's Daughter *Janet*, (*Fenny* thinkna Shame)
 Rais'd and maintains in him a Lover's Flame:
 Lang was he dumb, at last he spake and won,
 And hopes to be our honest Uncle's Son;
 Be pleas'd to speak to *Glaud* for his Consent,
 That nane may wear a Face of Discontent.

Sir WILL.

My Son's Demand is fair, — *Glaud*, let me crave,
 That trusty *Roger* may your Daughter have
 With frank Consent, and while he does remain
 Upon these Fields, I make him Chamberlain.

GLAUD.

You crowd your Bounties, Sir, what can we say,
 But that we're Dyvours that can ne'er repay?
 Whate'er your Honour wills I shall obey.

Roger,

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Roger, my Daughter, with my Blessing, take,
And still our Master's Right your Business make.
Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray Head,
Shall nod with Quietness down among the Dead.

R O G E R.

I ne'er was good a speaking a' my Days,
Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a Fraise:
But for my Master, Father and my Wife,
I will employ the Cares of all my Life.

Sir W I L L.

My Friends, I'm satisfied you'll all behave
Each in his Station as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever vertuous, soon or late ye'll find
Reward and Satisfaction to your Mind.
The Maze of Life sometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft when Hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
Aft when we stand on Brinks of dark Despair,
Some happy Turn, with Joy, dispells our Care.
Now all's at Rights, who sings best, let me hear.

P E G G Y.

WHEN you demand, I readiest should obey:
I'll sing you ane the newest that I hae.

S A N G XX. Corn Riggs are bonny.

*My PATIE is a Lover gay,
His Mind is never muddy;
His Breath is sweeter than new Hay,
His Face is fair and ruddy:*

*His Shape is handsome, middle Size,
 He's comely in his Wawking;
 The Shining of his E'en surprise:
 'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.*

*Last Night I met him on a Bawlk,
 Where yellow Corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly Word he spake,
 That set my Heart a glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony,
 That gars me like to sing since syne,
 O Corn Riggs are bonny.*

*Let Lasses of a silly Mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding were design'd,
 We chafly should be granting.
 Then I'll comply and marry PATE,
 And syne my Cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where Corn-Riggs are bonny.*

F I N I S.

